MAY, 1900.

THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

With the next issue of THE BOOKMAN we shall begin the publication of a series of illustrated articles dealing with the subject of the foreign stage in New York. There have appeared from time to time in the newspapers short descriptions of certain phases of the East Side stage, but to the best of our knowledge, this is the first attempt to treat the subject in anything like a complete and adequate manner. The first paper, to be written by Mr. Norman Hapgood, will treat of the German theatre. This will be followed by articles on the Yiddish theatre and the Italian theatre, the series to be concluded in the September number with a paper on the Chinese theatre, by Mr. Edward W. Townsend.

In a recent number we had occasion to say something concerning Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's collection of short stories and sketches, published under the title of *The Other Fellow*. In conclusion we expressed the opinion that the book was as distinctively the work of Mr. Smith, Lecturer, as *Tom Grogan* was of Mr. Smith, Contractor; *Caleb West* of Mr. Smith, Lighthouse Builder, and *A Day at Laguerre's* of Mr. Smith, Horrible Painter. Now all this seemed to us to be quite innocent, yet the number had been out but very few days before the mail began bringing us sorrowfully indignant communications from Mr. Smith's admirers. These letters were in tone, as a rule, measured and urbane; yet we fancied that we detected a disposition to bring down the bludgeon upon our unoffending pate. Our correspondents, one and all, insisted, with a gravity and sincerity that left us deeply touched, that we had been guilty of injustice and unkindness in applying to an artist of Mr. Smith's standing so scathing a term as "Horrible Painter."

Now the point of the story ends with the above paragraph. However, under the circumstances, we think it best to go a little farther, and say that the objectionable words were in no way meant as a criticism of Mr. Smith's work with the brush or pencil, but were used simply because the term "Horrible Painter" plays an important part in the initial story of *A Day at Laguerre's*, where it is applied to the artist by the genial Madame Laguerre in remonstrance at the enormity of his appetite and not at his graphic shortcomings. We really hope that we make this quite clear.

We have been receiving of late a number of letters asking for information about the career and personality of Mr. John Uri Lloyd, whose *Stringtown on the Pike* is now running serially in this magazine. Mr. Lloyd was born in West Bloomfield, New York, April 19, 1849. When he was very young his family went to live in Kentucky, where the future chemist and author received his early education at private schools in Burlington, Petersburg and Florence. At a very early age he developed a preference for

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JOHN URI LLOYD.

the study of nature, and thus became interested in chemistry, which same trait led his younger brother, Curtis Gates Lloyd, into the realms of botany. By dint of hard work and close observation he made rapid advances in chemistry and pharmacy, and in the year 1871, when he was but twenty-two years of age, he became manager of the laboratory of H. M. Merrell and Company, of Cincinnati. In 1877 Mr. Lloyd was received as a partner into this firm. He became professor of pharmacy in the Cincinnati College of Pharmacy, resigning the chair in 1887, in which year he was elected president of the American Pharmaceutical Association. He is now Professor of Chemistry and President of the Board of Trustees at the Eclectical Medical Institution of Cincinnati. Some idea of Mr. Lloyd's position in American chemistry may be conveyed by calling attention to the fact that he is one of the five Americans who were included in Raber's *Biography of the Eminent Pharmacists of the World,* published in Geneva, Switzerland.

The list of Mr. Lloyd's scientific books includes *Chemistry of Medicines, A Study in Pharmacy,* and *Drugs and Medicines of North America.* He was the collaborator of Dr. John King in the compilation of *King's American Dispensatory,* and has been a frequent contributor to pharmaceutical and chemical journals. His *Etidorhpa, The End of Earth* created a great deal of discussion among people interested in speculative fiction. His literary work in scientific lines is largely the record of his own original chemical and pharmaceutical laboratory experiments; his work in fiction (so called) the recording of speculative, metaphysical thought and the study of Kentucky folklore and character sketches. While entirely free from superstition himself, he keenly enjoys studying the superstitions, the sign-lore and the emotional phases of the people he meets and in working them into stories. Mr. Lloyd has been twice married, and at present, with the second Mrs. Lloyd and their three children, lives in Norwood, a suburb of Cincinnati. We present herewith an hitherto unpublished photograph of the author of *Stringtown on the Pike.*

A correspondent in Syracuse, New York, who takes exception to a sentence in an article that we recently published concerning the wane of the dime novel, gives us some very interesting information about early American "polite letter-writers." He speaks of having in his possession a book entitled *The Art of Epistolary Composition,* by Captain Alden Partridge, superintendent of the A. L. S. and M. Academy at Middletown, Connecticut, and published in 1826 by E. and H. Clark, of that city. The letters stand for "American, Literary, Scientific and Military." Models are given of various styles of epistolary composition: "Of epistolary decorum," "letters for commercial correspondence and letters of business," "letters of thank, of reproof, excuse, farewell, congratulation, condolence"; the book opening with thirty rules to be observed by letter-writers.

A very typical model is that for a letter supposed to be addressed to "a lady in whose society the writer has passed a summer." It runs as follows:

My days have ceased to be pleasant, madam, since I have ceased to enjoy the continual de-

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lights of your society. Where shall I seek for the charm which your amiable disposition diffuses around you, the cool shade under which you discoursed so agreeably on the enjoyments of a peaceful life and the advantages of solitude, those charming conversations in which you astonished me by the brilliancy of your wit, and displayed all the benevolence of your heart in the beauty of your maxims? Your absence occasions a vacancy which I am unable to supply. I was indeed gloomy on leaving it, but I console myself with the thought that you will sometimes deign to remember me; and I sincerely hope that your joy may be equal to the regrets which I feel on account of your absence. I am, etc.

We reproduce herewith a recent photograph of Jerome K. Jerome, whose *Three Men on Wheels* has just been published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Mr. Jerome had an exceedingly eventful life before he finally decided upon taking up literature as a profession. He was in turn clerk, schoolmaster, actor and newspaper writer. His first book, *On the Stage and Off*, was published in 1888. The following year *Three Men in a Boat* and *The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* were given to the reading public. Mr. Jerome's latest book deals with the careers of the three Londoners whose adventures and misadventures on the Upper Thames provoked so much hearty laughter. The scene of their more recent exploits is the Black Forest.

There is considerable mystery concerning Mr. Kipling's new story, which will begin running serially in this country in the autumn. The first draft was given to the printers in England before Mr. Kipling's departure for South Africa. In its original form it made about one hundred thousand words. The proofs have been forwarded to Mr. Kipling at the seene of the war, and the author has been obliged to make his corrections and alterations under trying and picturesque circumstances. However, we hardly think that this is a drawback. We have been taught to expect more of Mr. Kipling blackening sheets of paper, by dim light, in out-of-the-way places, than of Mr. Kipling doing his work under the most favourable conditions in Brattleboro or Rottingdean. The American publishers

JEROME K. JEROME.

of the story expect to have all the "copy" by July 1. Mr. Kipling is very reticent about the title and the subject. An English literary weekly recently said that the scene is laid in Upper Burmah. It is also hinted that Mr. Kipling has gone back to the field of his early triumphs, and that Mulvaney, Otheris and Lleroyd are to be introduced under new circumstances and in a new environment. The very startling guess was recently hazarded that the story would bring the "Soldiers Three" into the war of the Transvaal.

Mr. Kipling, who has temporarily gone back to journalism, and is hard at work at Bloemfontein assisting to edit *The Friend*, contributes four lines on the death of Mr. G. W. Steevens to the issue for March 24, running:

G. W. STEEVENS.

Through war and pestilence, red siege and fire,
Silent and self-contained he drew his breath;
Brave, not for show of courage—his desire
Truth, as he saw it, even to the death.

We present herewith a portrait of Miss Mary Devereux, whose historical ro-

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MISS MARY DEVEREUX.

mance, *From Kingdom to Colony,* is one of the most important of the recent publications of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company.

A volume of short stories which should attract considerable well-deserved attention is *The Son of the Wolf,* by Jack London, which was published about the middle of April by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The nine tales which make up the book are all striking as examples of word-painting. Mr. Morgan Robertson, the writer of sea stories, speaking of Jack London recently, compared him to Kipling. Now so many men have of late years been compared to Kipling or have been said to have his style, that the author of *The Man Who Would be King* as a criterion is becoming just a little monotonous. In this instance, however, the comparison, for a wonder, seems to be very fitting. The stories of *The Son of the Wolf* were unquestionably written under the Kipling influence, but this influence has acted as a spur, and not, as is usually the case, led to mere servile imitation. Very few readers who take up this book will lay it down without feeling more keenly than ever before all the ghastly horror and loneliness of life in the frigid zone. The author, despite his extreme youth, has had a very varied career. At the age of seventeen he went to sea as a foremast hand. Since then he has hunted seals in Behring Sea, shipped from port to port, and lived the actual life of the tramp. In 1897 he left the State University of California, where he was studying, and joined

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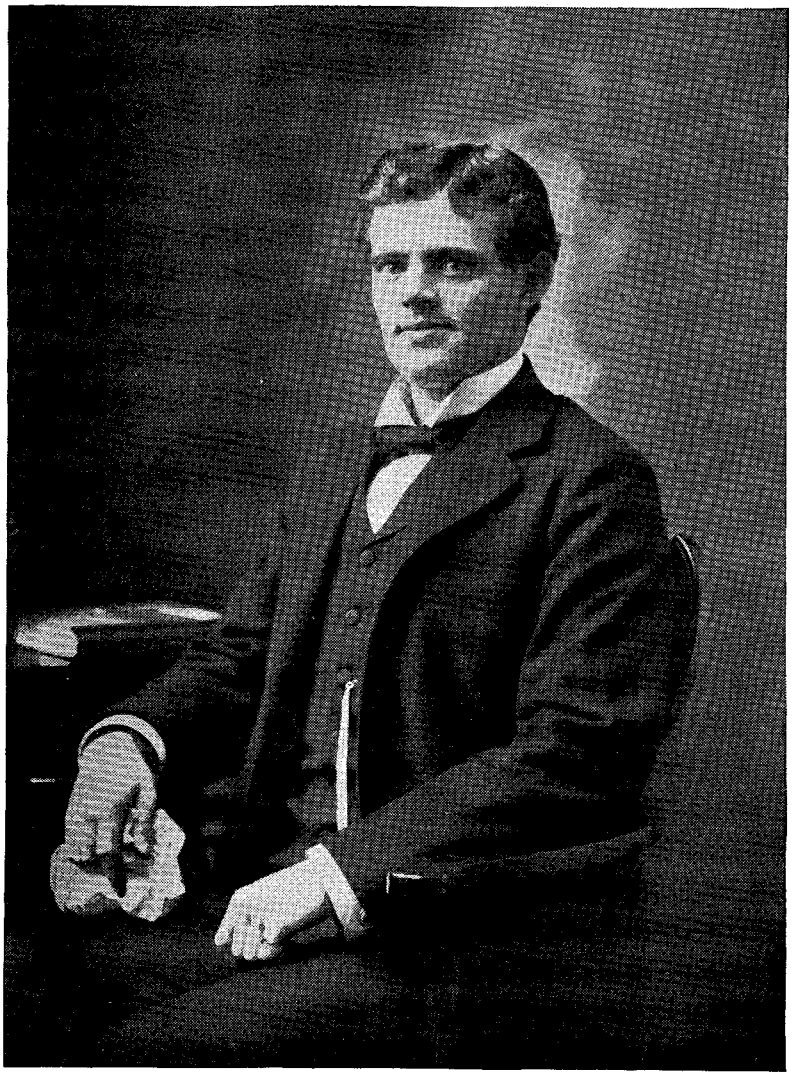

JACK LONDON.

the rush to the Klondike, being one of the few that crossed Chilicoot Pass that winter. He is at present living quietly at his home in Oakland, California.

The honours of song, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll very pertinently remarks, like the honours of war, are to-day with Ireland. The best of England's younger poets, Mr. W. B. Yeats, is Irish of the Irish. There is a very brilliant galaxy of Irish women who are now writing verse—Miss Katharine Tynan, Miss Jane Barlow, Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter, and two recent additions, Miss Nora Hopper and Miss Moira O'Neill. While it would be invidious and indeed impossible to award the palm among these writers, one has no hesitation in saying that the best work has been done by the religious, writing of religion. Some of Miss Tynan's religious poetry is exceedingly rich in colour and fragrance. Miss Hopper is always pleasing, but her devotional tone lacks depth. Mrs. Shorter is perhaps the most thoughtful among them all, but her poetry is hardly touched by religious faith and hope. Miss Barlow here and there has struck a note of tender, passionate intensity not sounded by the rest, and she

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MISS MOIRA O'NEILL.

knows how to express religious awe; but this is all that can be said.

❦

Miss Moira O'Neill's songs of the *Glens of Antrim,* which is published in this country by the Macmillan Company, in a measure fulfils the promise she showed when she began to write in *Blackwood's Magazine.* Her poetry is, before everything else, musical, lilting, often gay, arch and wayward, hopeful even when it touches the darker things of life. The best bit of verse in the book perhaps is "Denny's Daughter," which we venture to quote in full:

Denny's daughter stood a minute in the field
I be to pass,
All as quiet as her shadow lyin' by her on the grass;
In her hand a switch o' hazel from the nut-tree's crooked root,
Well I mind the crown o' clover crumpled under one bare foot.
For the look of her,
The look of her
Comes back on me to-day—
Wi' the eyes of her,
The eyes of her
That took me on the way.

Though I seen poor Denny's daughter white an' stiff upon her bed,
Yet I be to think there's sunlight fallin' somewhere on her head;
She'll be singin' *Ave Mary* where the flowers never wilt,
She, the girl my own hands covered wi' the narrow daisy-quilt. . . .
For the love of her,
The love of her
That would not be my wife,
An' the loss of her,
The loss of her
Has left me lone for life.

❦

In *A Book of Irish Verse,* selected from modern writers, Mr. W. B. Yeats has much to say concerning the Irish literary movement which just now is of particular interest. He shows how English-speaking Ireland found poets after the dissolution of the bardic order in the wars of the seventeenth century. But these Irish poets were of very little use to Erin. Goldsmith went to London; Swift was an Irishman only by chance. But all this is quite as true of the present day. The literary Irishman or Irish woman of Connaught, or Ulster, or Munster somehow seems always to drift to London usually by way of Dublin, and the large majority of the writers mentioned above are permanent residents of the English capital.

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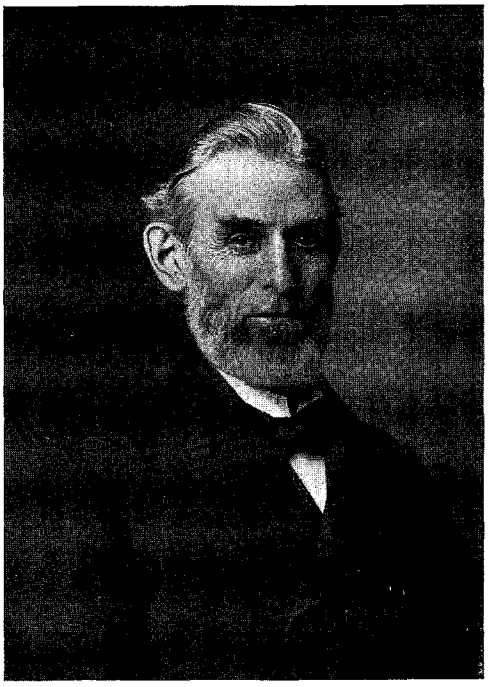
The present month marks the twentieth anniversary of *The Dial* which was founded in 1880 by Francis Fisher Browne, whose photograph we herewith present. Mr. Browne was born in South



F. F. BROWN.

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Halifax, Vermont, December 7, 1843. As a boy he learned the printer's trade in his father's newspaper office at Chicopee, Massachusetts. In 1862 he left school to enlist in a Massachusetts regiment, serving for one year in North Carolina and in the Army of the Potomac. After the regiment was discharged he went to Rochester and began the study of law, entering the law department of the University of Michigan in 1866. He soon gave up the idea of the law as a profession, and turned to journalism and literary work. From 1869 to 1874 he was editor of the *Lakeside Monthly,* then he became literary editor of the *Alliance.* Mr. Browne is the author of *The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln* and a small volume of poems, *Volunteer Grain.* He has edited and compiled several volumes of standard verse. At the World's Fair in Chicago he was chairman of the Committee on the Congress of Authors.

Henry Esmond, who scored so distinct a success with his comedy, *When We Were Twenty-one,* is certainly one of the most conspicuous of the younger playwrights of England and America. As an actor, he plays mainly character parts, especially old men. Mr. Esmond was born in London, where he lives, about thirty years ago. He has written several plays of strong intellectual power, among them *Grierson's Way;* but these, though popular with the critics, had no pronounced success with the public. On the other hand, several of his plays of lesser literary worth have won wide approbation from theatre-goers. We reproduce herewith a recent portrait of Mr. Esmond.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, whose recent death has excited universal regret, represented a second stage in the evolution of war correspondence as a profession. This profession, as such, must be regarded as the creation of the late Dr. W. H. Russell, rather unfavourably known to Americans as "Bull Run" Russell, who in his letters from the Crimea combined the personal observation of the man on the spot with the tendencies of the critic and the style of the man of letters. His narrative of the progress of the war, of the sufferings of the English army, and of the incompetence and mismanagement of the military authorities was unlike anything that had hitherto been written and published in a newspaper. Mr. Forbes carried forward the work in so effective and vigorous a manner as to make Dr. Russell's methods seem antiquated; yet, after all, the difference between the two men's work was a difference in degree rather than in kind, just as is the difference between the correspondence of Mr. Forbes himself and that of the late G. W. Steevens.

A good deal of the advance made in war correspondence by Archibald Forbes

HENRY ESMOND.

was due to a great increase in newspaper enterprise, which now puts at the disposal of its representatives every possible facility. The modern war correspondent need not spare expense. He can use the telegraph or the cable as freely as the old-time correspondent used the letter-post. He can, like Stanley, organise a small army of retainers; he can employ special couriers; he can engage special trains. Every appliance of modern civilisation is at his disposal. Moreover, he has received a sort of official recognition

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from governments and commanders, so that when he attaches himself to a particular army he is treated very much as though he were one of the general staff, as was Mr. Forbes when he accompanied the German army under Moltke in the Franco-Prussian War. On the other hand, he must expose himself to danger and to hardship as freely as though he were not a non-combatant, and of this sort of experience the life of Mr. Forbes was full; so that perhaps a good part of the popular recognition he won was due to his daring rides, his share in hazardous enterprises and his extraordinary feats in securing the very latest news without regard to personal risk or personal comfort.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

As a writer he was not to be compared with Mr. Steevens, who was, however, his direct successor. Yet perhaps, in the long run, what he wrote will be no less enduring; for he was a keen observer, an interesting narrator of what he saw, and, on the whole, an impartial one, so far as any one can be so. We think that in his reminiscences of the Franco-Prussian War he showed something of the German bias; yet this was only natural in one who, having received such special courtesy and consideration from the German commanders, and having shared the fortunes of the German army, necessarily felt a sympathetic interest in those who were his comrades for the time. Indeed, the only cause for surprise is that he was not even more anti-French in his published opinions. Like Mr. Steevens, Forbes was a university man, and he had one advantage in discharging the functions of a war correspondent which Steevens did not possess, in having for a time served in the army, so that his views and criticisms possessed a certain technical value, whereas Steevens wrote quite frankly from the standpoint of a civilian. The death of these two men leaves the profession without any one pre-eminently conspicuous representative; though among American war correspondents, Mr. Julian Ralph takes very fair rank in spite of the fact that he has become so rabidly pro-British; while among English correspondents Mr. Bennett Burleigh has won considerable distinction in the past few years.

A very different type of man from Archibald Forbes was Dr. St. George Mivart, whose death would probably have passed unnoticed by the majority of educated men had it not been for the interest lately excited in him by his controversial correspondence with Cardinal Vaughan. Dr. Mivart can hardly be rated as a really eminent man of science, for his modified evolutionary theories were acceptable neither to Darwinians nor to the opposing school; so that as an evolutionist he was neither fish, flesh nor fowl. His letters, however, to Cardinal Vaughan drew forth an immense amount of discussion, more particularly in this country. Their theological interest to us, at least, was *nil*, for Mivart's position was one that seems utterly untenable, in that he appeared to wish to remain within the Catholic Church while refusing to accept its discipline. He claimed, indeed, the privileges of a spoiled child, and we cannot feel any sympathy with him whatsoever. He was perfectly free to have left the Church if he found its restrictions galling, and he was equally free to have remained in it and to have submitted his individual opinions to the ruling of those who officially interpret its

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fundamental dogmas. But what he seemed to wish was to remain a Catholic and at the same time to promulgate views which were antagonistic to true Catholicism. Furthermore, when he found that this was impossible, instead of withdrawing from the Church in a quiet, self-respecting way, he felt bound to make an absurd fuss about the matter and to do a little public posing as a modern Galileo.

What interests us in the correspondence with Cardinal Vaughan is the perfect way in which the letters of each of the two men reflect and reveal their personality. Those of the Cardinal are so genial, so urbane, so courteous in word and phrase, and so full of personal kindliness and consideration as to be among the most charming that we have ever read. On the other hand, Mivart's replies were bumptious, pragmatical and aggressive to the verge of actual discourtesy, and in this way they form an effective contrast and a foil to the Cardinal's replies. The whole correspondence is worthy to be preserved and read as illustrating the difference in tone and temper between a cultivated and polished gentleman and a pugnacious pedant.

The South African War goes on, though its progress has passed the stage at which American interest in it was almost as acute as the interest felt by Englishmen. With fair-minded persons this interest has been almost equally excited by the achievements alike of Briton and of Boer. The dramatic resistance of Cronje, while with his four thousand wearied men encircled by the fire of a hundred cannon he held at bay for seven long days and nights the overwhelming force that hemmed him in, was as stirring to the imagination as anything recorded in the annals of modern warfare. On the other hand, although we have no sympathy with the cause for which he fought, the successful strategy and magnificent *élan* of Lord Roberts made it impossible for us not to feel an instinctive thrill of racial pride at what recalled so vividly some of the splendid feats of English daring and efficiency in the past. We feel less confidence, however, in talking about the purely military aspects of the war, because of a number of letters that we have received pointing out to us the fact that, not being ourselves engaged in warfare as a profession, we have no right to express any opinion whatsoever on military matters. In this respect we must sorrowfully admit that we bear a strong resemblance to General Buller; but after all, it doesn't require a very enormous amount of military training to infer that when an English general makes a movement which turns out to be a disastrous strategic error, and when a second English general makes precisely the same move under similar conditions and with similar results, and when a third English general does the same thing right over again—one need not, we say, be either a Clausewitz or a Moltke in order to discover that something is lacking in somebody somewhere.

The easy sneer at a civilian's criticism of strategic blunders made by military men finds little to justify it in the very interesting way in which an English civilian, Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, has during the last three months leaped to the position of being the best known, the most acute, and the most illuminating commentator upon the English campaign in South Africa. When the war broke out, Mr. Wilkinson was the dramatic critic of the London *Morning Post*. Being, however, a careful student of military science, he was allowed by his editors to write each day a commentary on the development of the war. Before long his comments were recognised as so informing, his criticism as so pertinent, and his prophecies as so near to actual certainty, that soon all England began to turn instinctively to his pronouncements every morning as the only source of information that could be relied upon to give any knowledge of the situation as it really was. Mr. Wilkinson's *résumé* pretty nearly always contradicted the official bulletins of the War Office, and in nine cases out of ten it turned out that he was right and that the War Office was wrong. And this is why, after a little while, the London correspondents of foreign newspapers cabled all over the world each day the comments and the deductions of this truly remarkable man, whose name has become inseparably associated with the history of the war itself. We under-

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stand that Mr. Wilkinson has embodied some of his most important conclusions with regard to modern warfare in a book which is to be published before long under the title *War and Policy*. In this country the book will bear the imprint of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

If Mr. Wilkinson has achieved a reputation, another student of the military art has practically lost one. This is Herr Bloch, the very able Russian whose book on the future of modern warfare was published in 1899. Herr Bloch had devoted a great many years not only to the study of the best military authorities upon all the details of military science, including strategy, tactics, gunnery and fortification, but also to an investigation of problems connected with transportation, supplies, and in general the economic phases of modern war. The result of all this study was a book crammed full of the most interesting facts and also of the most interesting opinions. The facts were all right, and they give to the book a definite value which it will continue to possess for many years. But the opinions—that is to say the deductions which Herr Bloch himself drew from his vast array of facts—have been rather discredited by what has actually happened in the field during the Boer War. Herr Bloch, for example, like many other recent writers, dwells with impressive earnestness upon the frightful destruction that must result from the use of such rifles as the Mauser, combined with rapid-fire guns, and cannon that can throw a shell a distance of from ten to fifteen miles. He also sets forth the vastly increased difficulties of keeping a modern army in the field for any length of time. He likewise considers the economic disturbances that will arise in our complex modern political systems through the withdrawal of so great a number of men from the arts of peace. Summing it all up, Herr Bloch declares that warfare in the future will be impossible: (1) because it will be so destructive that when two armies oppose each other, both will be annihilated; (2) because it will be impossible to keep the forces properly supplied and to secure the necessary mobility; and (3) because the economic distress resulting from the costliness of war will be so great as to foster revolution, overthrow governments, and produce in the end a state of anarchy. These conclusions are very plausibly argued in Herr Bloch's book, but his arguments seem at the present time much weaker than they did a few months ago. The Boer War has not exactly overthrown them, but it certainly has to a great extent discredited them.

In the first place, while of course the terrible efficiency of the most modern weapons when used at short range has received a practical demonstration, still the death list in the Boer War has been really very small in proportion to the amount of fighting done. For instance, the total losses of the British from the beginning of the war up to the present date, and including not only the killed but also the wounded and the missing, have been less than the losses of the Union army in the single battle of Cold Harbour, and less than the French losses in the battle of Gravelotte. And the reason of this is plain enough. As soon as the range of the weapons employed is increased, so is the range at which they are used proportionately increased; hence the actual risk of being hit is probably less in a battle under modern conditions than it was in the days when soldiers carried smooth-bore muskets and fought within pistol-shot of each other. It is nothing more than the simple truth to say that the old hand-to-hand fighting which was done before gunpowder came into use was actually more destructive to life than the sort of fighting that is done now when a rifle will, to be sure, carry several miles, but when the target at which you are firing is so far away that you cannot see it. It has, indeed, been stated that no especially effective rifle-firing has been done in the Boer War at a greater range than one of six hundred yards. Another curious fact is found in the number of times that the British have carried very strong positions at the point of the bayonet—a thing which Herr Bloch would pronounce impossible; for according to his theory, every man who took part in the charge must have been killed before he crossed the "fire-zone" and reached his objective point. Only, you see, he wasn't

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so killed, because the Boers when they saw their enemies coming at them with the bayonet became "rattled" and ran. And this is rather an important circumstance, for it shows what small account Herr Bloch and the other theorists have made of the psychological side of warfare, the changes that are bound to take place in the *morale* of large bodies of soldiers under the active strain of battle, and the differences that are certain to exist in the temperament and fundamental fighting capacity of men of different nationalities. This, indeed, is the trouble with almost all scientific theorists, who think that truth is wholly bound up in statistics, and forget how immensely important is the personal equation.

What has impressed us most during the war has been the ease and celerity with which England has transported a quarter of a million fighting men to a scene of action six thousand miles away, and has kept them thoroughly supplied with every possible sort of *matériel* under the most difficult conditions. The fact that this has been accomplished so swiftly and with such comparative ease gives a certain impressiveness to a long letter by Mr. George W. Dithridge in the New York *Sun* of March 24. Mr. Dithridge points out that while Americans have reasonably enough felt secure against foreign invasion because of our improved sea-coast defences, and because it has been assumed that an invading army (presumably from the Continent of Europe) would have to effect a landing by sea, we have now to reckon with the possibility of a great English invasion in case a war should ever break out between the two countries. England, with her immense navy, could easily protect a fleet of transports plying swiftly back and forth between Liverpool and Halifax, and could within a few weeks place at least one hundred thousand well-trained regular troops upon the Canadian frontier, which, as things are now, would be an open door to an invading army. A war between England and the United States is one of the remotest of possibilities; and yet we must confess that we do not like to contemplate the obvious conclusions which Mr. Dithridge draws from the military developments of the last three months.

There are some stray linguistic phases to the war which are not without interest, and one of them is to be observed in the gradual creeping of Dutch words into popular use. People are getting rather fond of speaking of "commandos" and of "commandeering"; and the newspapers have evolved a whole string of jokes over the word "kopje." Most pleasing to us, however, of all these contributions, is the word "trek," which, to be sure, is not altogether new to the reading public, but which has never before been popularised. We don't know why it is, but "trekking" appeals much more to the imagination than "migrating," or "marching," or "meandering." There is something brisk and Dutch about it; and once or twice in the cabled reports from the seat of war it has been used with very picturesque effect, as, for instance, in the account of an engagement which concluded with the remark that from the top of a hill "numerous bodies of Boers could be seen trekking aimlessly over the plain." This somehow or other gives you an impression of a lot of black ants, and to any one with a proper word-sense it is delightful. If the war keeps on for another year the whole American people will be "outspanning" around "spruits," and the land will be full of "ponts" and "drifts" and "nullahs." All of which pleases us immensely.

Another lesson in the value of words which the war has taught Americans was given when young Mr. Hay cabled from Pretoria to his father in Washington in order to announce that the Boer Presidents had requested the United States to "intervene" in the interest of peace. Now, of course, what young Mr. Hay meant was "mediate," since intervention would have implied armed interference; but young Mr. Hay has not been long enough out of college to understand the nicer shades of diplomatic language. The elder Hay in Washington, however, ought to have known, because it is his business to know, and because he has had some years of experience at that sort of thing. But no; he let the American Ambassador go to Lord Salisbury and use the same word to him, thereupon receiving a polite snub, which was not merely a snub to him personally, but to the country which he represented; and it was not particularly

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pleasing to Americans to have the incident reported to the House of Commons and to know that it was there signalised by exultant Jingo cheers. We are aware that some persons believe that the whole incident was arranged with the connivance of our Government in order to give Lord Salisbury an opportunity of telling the Continental nations to mind their own business and to keep their hands off; but we do not like to think that this is so. For if our State Department meekly lent itself to a snubbing just to make things easy for Lord Salisbury, then it is time to recall young Mr. Hay from Pretoria, and more especially to let the elder Hay go back to his long-neglected literary labours and to the writing of some more Pike County Ballads.

Another American official abroad who beyond any question deserves to be sent for and, as the vernacular expresses it, "turned down," is Mr. Ferdinand Peck, who is misrepresenting his country as American Commissioner at the Paris Exposition. It appears that the Turkish commissioners erected a pavilion which obstructed the view of the adjoining American building. So instead of using the effective arts of courtesy and urbanity, Mr. Peck wrote a letter to the Director-General of the Exposition which wound up in the following vein:

> I am satisfied you have been led by pressure of matters upon you to hastily sign an agreement which permits so comparatively an unimportant nation to seriously injure the building of such a great nation as the United States.

Fancy such a letter being written officially and publicly under such circumstances by an English gentleman, or a French gentleman, or, in fact, by any kind of gentleman! It is simply an offensive, bragging yawp, and it will confirm a great many foreigners in their mistaken but unfortunately deep-seated opinion that the American people are a race of boors. The fact that Mr. Peck managed to split two infinitives in the same sentence is beautifully in keeping with the spirit in which he has conducted the whole affair.

The failure of two great publishing houses during the past six months has led the *Evening Post* of this city to make some general observations which are so true and so extremely pertinent to the existing condition of things as to deserve quotation. The first relates to the growing practice on the part of publishers to issue interminable series of cheap books in paper covers.

> The tendency to cheapen popular literature for the masses is a desirable one; but a policy of depending in any degree merely upon the cheapness with which a product can be supplied, rather than upon the excellence of the product, is a policy always of grave danger. During these same years the mechanical excellence of book-making in the United States has greatly risen, and the market for well-made books has constantly become larger. As a rule the houses that have been most prosperous have paid most attention to the proper and even artistic manufacture of good books, for which the public has ever shown a willingness to pay a fair price. Hardly a conspicuous success has been built on the publication of very cheap books.

The second quotation relates to the policy adopted by many publishers of increasing every year their list of books without reference to any especial merit in most of them, but with the general feeling that even among the list of unpromising books there may perhaps be something or other which will hit the frequently disappearing target known as "the popular taste." What the *Post* says about this is profoundly true:

> Every book sent out by a publisher represents a distinct investment, presents a task that is peculiar to itself, and must have attention given to it alone. When a publishing corporation puts forth a very large number of books, the true publishing function gradually becomes merged in a mere manufacturing function. Doubtless the larger the number of shoes manufactured in a great shoe-shop, the more profitable it becomes; but a book is not a thing of mere merchandise, and in proportion as it is treated as a mere commodity does it cease to be valuable as a commodity.

Finally, the *Evening Post* speaks of the general effect upon publisher, author and readers alike of the phenomenal and often inexplicable success of single books. We think ourselves that at the

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present time there is no more ominous symptom of the decay of real literary taste visible than that which is to be found in the extraordinary sales of some particular book for a few months, and then the instantaneous loss of all interest in it whatsoever; for this shows that the public mind in its literary preferences is becoming like the mind of a child which goes into ecstasies over a new toy only to grow tired of it and smash it before its newness has half worn off, and then to squall vigorously for another. The *Post* pays especial attention, however, to the effect of these ephemeral successes upon the publisher:

However great the success of single ventures, the stability of a publishing house depends not upon unexpected single successes, but upon the general and uniform good judgment shown in the selection of its whole list, and upon the conservative and continuous development of all good books on it. For there is such a thing as a publisher's "development" of a book. In this art, indeed, lies one of the secrets of success—the art of keeping a good book alive in the public mind as long as the public mind is receptive. Unexpected and unusual successes probably do even more to demoralize a publisher than they do to demoralize an author or the public. In fact, the public, if it suffer at all, suffers least in the confusion of values that such successes necessarily bring. Hardly one of the books that have had phenomenal sales in recent years has been a bad book. Some are inane, and most are of little permanent literary value; but they have not degraded, even if they have not elevated, the public taste. They have had, however, a very strong tendency to introduce into publishing methods and into the aims of writers the extravagant expectations that all games of chance encourage.

Elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN will be found a review of Ibsen's play, *When the Dead Awaken.* We reproduce herewith a very interesting sketch of the Scandinavian dramatist by Mr. Gardner C. Teall.

Inspired, no doubt, by the recently exploited pension scheme of the London Society of Authors, which aims to establish a fund for the maintenance of broken-down literary men, Claudius Clear, in the *British Weekly*, takes up the subject of Grub Street, to which historic thoroughfare he predicts for the English *literati* a speedy return. The prospect does not seem greatly to trouble him; the Grub Street of the future he thinks ought in this humanitarian age to be infinitely superior to the Grub Street of the past; and he suggests as a possible location for this coming settlement of "poor devil" authors the sunny side of Gower Street, a respectable row, and

conveniently near to the British Museum and Mudie's Library.

We are of the opinion that very few of the thousands of readers who are perfectly familiar with Grub Street and its literary significance have any definite idea as to the origin of the term—in short, they are not quite clear whether any such street ever really existed, and if so whether it exists at the present day. If the American visitor in London will start out from the Bank, up Moorgate Street, turning to the left into Fore Street, he will find, a few hundred yards to the west, under the name of Milton Street, the very Grub Street where toiled the hack writers of dictionaries, small histories and pamphlets of Dr. Johnson's time. It is a short thoroughfare, abutting at the north on Chiswell Street, close by Bunhill Fields, the Artillery Ground

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and Finsbury Square, and not very far from the Charterhouse, that school which has played so great a part in moulding the masters of England's literature.

In the figurative sense there has always been a Grub Street; there is a Grub Street to-day, and there will be a Grub Street so long as time shall last. The character of the inhabitants varies from time to time. We know most of Grub Street in Dr. Johnson's time and before it. Then the denizens were in many cases men of genius and men of letters. Professor Masson, in his excellent biography of Chatterton, has recently reminded us of how that wonderful youth, living on bread and water in his garret in Brooke Street, Holborn, refused the kindly offers of his landlady to provide him with dinner, and at last ended his life by poison, mortifying his poor friend so much that she never could be found by any one who sought information about the hapless poet. Mr. George Gissing, in one of the most vital and authentic of recent novels, *New Grub Street,* has told us with absolute fidelity what the life of Grub Street is in these days, or, rather, what it was some twenty years ago.

The writers of "penny dreadfuls" were normally to be found there, and the precursors of the great English newspaper proprietors, who made ineffectual efforts to anticipate the taste of a public not yet sufficiently educated by church schools and school boards, found shelter in its garrets. In fact, the curious thing about Grub Street is that it was made of garrets. Nobody ever read of a first or second floor in that street, though the rules of architecture seem to demand something of the kind. It was there that the editor of *All Sorts* made his start in vain; it was there that the compilers pursued their humble task of drudgery; it was there that educated men lived with uneducated wives; it was there that the happiness of life was completely blasted from a too chivalrous regard to the letter "h." The male inhabitant had to marry a girl who was in the habit of misusing that fraction of the alphabet, and somehow she could not be taught in twenty years to do it justice. So such dialogues took place as this: "Could you not use a 'ansom to-night, Alfred?" *"Can't* you call it hansom? Have I not been telling you for twenty years to say hansom? I am sick of you." Thereupon the unfortunate lady retired for a quiet cry. There is no better representative of Grub Street in recent days than Alfred Yule in Mr. Gissing's book, a book which has not received one tithe of the recognition it deserves.

Nevertheless, it must be owned that during the last twelve or fifteen years Grub Street has rather fallen into the shade, so much so that men who should know better have repeatedly affirmed that Grub Street had ceased to exist. It must be owned that of late literary men have had an emphatically good time. The sun of the Bodley Head has risen upon the poets. Some of them have sold their verses by the ten thousand. Leading articles have been much in demand as newspapers have multiplied. Oxford dons have found it quite worth their while to come up to London newspaper offices. One enthusiastic editor, to whom London literary men cannot be sufficiently grateful, took it into his head in a happy hour that people were much interested in reviews of books, and devoted a daily page in a morning newspaper to criticism. Other journals followed suit, and whoever could review fairly well found that the demands upon him were more than he could meet. Paragraphs about literary men—this is a stranger fact still—suddenly became the fashion. The sayings and doings and movements and influences of writers not particularly eminent were recorded as if they were really important persons, as if they were actors, jockeys or aristocrats.

But now conditions seem to be slowly, but none the less certainly, changing. The novelists continue to fatten on prosperity. Their gains are growing day by day from England and from America, and it would not be surprising to see them peopling Park Lane, and ultimately belting Hyde Park. But to the novelists alone among literary men is the future bright. Leaders are gradually disappearing from the daily papers. The halfpenny papers have come in, and they

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want no three-deckers. Their leaders are, like the American, short and more or less pithy. In a word, it is to be feared that the writers of the future will not be authors of leading articles, or the contributors to the sixpenny reviews, or critics. They will be the ingenious gentlemen who can write on such subjects as "Brides Forsaken at the Altar," "Marriages of Freaks," and the like. They will contribute to the periodicals which are read by everybody.

Is it not almost time for a return to the problem novel or the light society novel? At any rate, it seems as if the historical novel has had its share of attention for the present time, and that with Miss Mary Johnston's *To Have and To Hold,* it can with dignity step down from popularity until that time when novels of all other sorts shall have begun to pall. Of course, there is not the remotest possibility of this being the case. Spurred by the success of such books as *Janice Meredith, Richard Carvel, Via Crucis, When Knighthood was in Flower,* and *To Have and To Hold,* hundreds of imitators are springing up all over the country, and the result is inevitable. Continual imitations will make the type tiresome and ridiculous, and by and by the reading public will see all the humbug and rush back to the erotic and frivolous.

There is one feature about the majority of these historical novels which recalls a very amusing and not at all impracticable suggestion which Thackeray puts into the Roundabout paper "On a Peal of Bells." After expressing his wonder and delight at the series of splendid entertainments which Dumas sets before the novel reader, he alludes to the fact that all the books bearing the name of the "good Alexandre" were not written by him, and queries "Why not? Does not the chief cook have *aides* under him? Did not Rubens's pupils paint on his canvases? Had not Lawrence assistants for his backgrounds?" And evidently elated by the conceit, Thackeray gravely suggests that he himself would like nothing better than a competent, rapid and respectable clerk who would supply the business part of his novels, the popping of the robber under the bed, the hiding of the will, and the namby-pamby love conversation between Emily and Lord Arthur. For instance, how convenient and profitable it would be if one could turn one's work over to such an assistant of a morning with some few words of instruction, such as: "Mr. Jones, if you please, the Archbishop must die to-day in about five pages. Turn to article Dropsy (or what you will) in the Encyclopædia. Take care that there are no medical blunders in his death. Group his daughters, physician, chaplains round him. In Wales's *London,* letter B, third shelf, you will find an account of Lambeth, and some prints of the place. Colour in with local colouring. The daughter will come down and speak to her lover in his wherry at Lambeth Stairs."

Now this suggestion is one which may be taken, if one so wishes, not altogether in jest. Dumas had his "competent clerk"—a dozen of him, and yet to-day no one seriously regards this as detracting one whit from his invention or genius. Maquet, the cleverest of these assistants, and the one to whom Dumas's enemies persisted in giving the credit for *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Le Comte de Monte Cristo* later tried his hand by himself and proved a very inglorious failure. There are to this day many who profess to believe that Mr. Kennedy, the American historian, wrote the Washington chapters of *The Virginians.* In these days, when Washington must somehow or other be lugged into the pages of every third novel, why has not some far-seeing scribe, or, better still, some enterprising and well-conducted literary agency, sent around neat and cleverly composed prospectuses, offering to supply, for an adequate consideration, the proper amount of Washington talk and description and local colour? A good deal of the historical romance that we have come to know of late is merely a matter of compilation and of certain well-defined stock contrivances. A neat little business of the sort we suggest would no doubt in time assume gigantic proportions. Looking cheerfully into the future, we see great enterprises, perhaps even an octopus-like trust. We know that available ideas are to be disposed of

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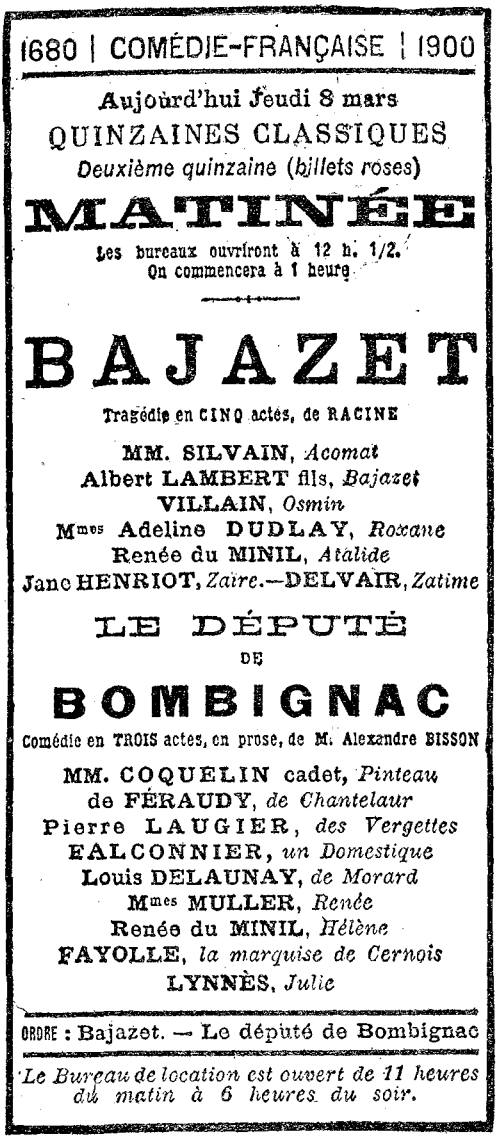
in the rough, and that an author may purchase a plot—period, characters, love complications and all—and we cannot by any logic reason out that the "competent clerk" idea is any more to be discouraged. For instance, with the memory of Mr. Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel* and some other novels of the same sort, we should regard as a positive benefactor to mankind the clerk or the literary agency which would see to it that the historical novel be served up to us free from verbal anachronisms; which would accurately and adequately deal with the "'t weres" and "ans" and "zoundses" and "sirrahs" and "gadzookses."



1680 | COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE | 1900

Aujourd'hui Jeudi 8 mars

QUINZAINES CLASSIQUES

Deuxième quinzaine (billets roses)

MATINÉE

Les bureaux ouvriront à 12 h. 1/2.
On commencera à 1 heure

BAJAZET

Tragédie en CINQ actes, de RACINE

MM. SILVAIN, *Acomat*
Albert LAMBERT fils, *Bajazet*
VILLAIN, *Osmin*
Mmes Adeline DUDLAY, *Roxane*
Renée du MINIL, *Atalide*
Jane HENRIOT, *Zaire*.—DELVAIR, *Zatime*

LE DÉPUTÉ
DE
BOMBIGNAC

Comédie en TROIS actes, en prose, de M. Alexandre BISSON

MM. COQUELIN cadet, *Pinteau*
de FÉRAUDY, *de Chantelaur*
Pierre LAUGIER, *des Vergettes*
FALCONNIER, *un Domestique*
Louis DELAUNAY, *de Morard*
Mmes MULLER, *Renée*
Renée du MINIL, *Hélène*
FAYOLLE, *la marquise de Cernois*
LYNNÈS, *Julie*

ORDRE : Bajazet. — Le député de Bombignac

Le Bureau de location est ouvert de 11 heures du matin à 6 heures du soir.

Facsimile of the Play-bill (Reduced).

It has been decided to rebuild the Théâtre Française practically on the plans of the old playhouse, although there will be several minor changes and improvements, especially in the matter of convenient exits. It is expected that the new house will be ready to open on the National Fête day, July 14, with the traditional free matinée performance. Although the old outer walls are to be retained, the cost of rebuilding is estimated at 2,300,000 francs. In the meantime, after a few performances in the Opera House, the company will cross the river and establish itself at the Odéon Theatre (*la Comédie Française de la rive gauche*), the company of that theatre migrating to the Gymnase, which has been secured for the purpose. Despite M. Jules Claretie's unpopularity as Administrator of the Comédie Française, the question of a change will be held in abeyance until after the Exposition.

The Society of the Comédie Française is administered by a committee chosen from among its own members, under the chairmanship of a government agent called the Administrator-General—now M. Claretie. As a national institution, from the state it receives an annual subsidy of two hundred and forty thousand francs. At the present time its annual receipts are about two million francs. The yearly amount divided among the twenty-eight actors and actresses who form the society is eight hundred thousand francs. Besides this, the theatre pays to twenty-six artists, non-members, one hundred and seventy thousand francs in salaries, and in pensions to retired members it pays annually over one hundred thousand francs.

Professor Brander Matthews once made use of the following happy imaginary comparison to bring home more effectually the position of the Maison de Molière in the national life of France and the French people: "To find any parallel for the career of the Comédie-Française in our language and literature we should have to rely on the imagination. If the

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Globe Theatre had been worthily maintained from Shakespeare's death until now; if the best works of Shirley and Congreve and Farquhar and Sheridan and Goldsmith had been written for it; if Barton Booth and Garrick and Siddons and Kemble and Kean had appeared on its stage; if our memory connected it with every masterpiece of dramatic writing and acting—then we might form some idea of the position held in Paris by the Comédie-Française."

It was not until seven years after the death of Molière—namely, in October, 1680—that the troupe of the Théâtre Gúenégand was united to that of the Hotel de Bourgogne, and to the combined companies was granted the name of the Comédie-Française. The theatre in which Molière last played stood on the western corner of the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue de Valois. It was there that, on the first night of *Le Malade Imaginaire,* he suffered the attack which resulted in his death a few hours later. His widow, succeeding to the control of the company, was soon compelled to find another theatre on the other side of the river, at No. 42 Rue Mazarin, just behind the Institute. Dr. and Mrs. Martin, in their recently published *The Stones of Paris in History and Letters,* call our attention to the fact that some portions of this structure as it was at the time of Molière's death may still be seen. This was the first home of the Comédie-Française.

After eight years at No. 42 Rue Mazarin, the troupe of the Comédie-Française was driven away and found new quarters in the Rue des Fosses-Saint-Germain, now the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. The company opened this house in April, 1689, playing Racine's *Phèdre* and Molière's *Le Médecin Malgré Lui.* Just opposite the theatre about the same time was opened the Café Procope, which, by the way, has a very unique and remarkable history of its own. The Café Procope, which exists at the present time, was the first, as it has always been the most famous, of Parisian cafés. It became almost immediately the rendezvous of all who aspired to greatness in art and philosophy and politics and literature. It was there that Voltaire became reconciled to Piron after an estrangement of twenty

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

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MOLIÈRE.

years. Among others of its famous *habitués* have been Jean Jacques Rousseau, Danton, Robespierre, Mirabeau, Diderot, Desmoulins, Gambetta, Marat and Verlaine. The journal *Le Procope,* published by the proprietor of the café, and devoted to the history of the café and the celebrities who have made it famous, was established over two hundred years ago.

During the eighteenth century the Comédie-Française occupied many homes. The outbreak of the Revolution found the players at the Odéon. They were thrown into prison, and after their release took possession of the house in the Rue Richelieu, which they have since occupied. The first Napoleon, who said, "The Comédie-Française is the glory of France, the opera is only her vanity," promulgated the con-

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stitution of the theatre, which constitution, with the exception of a few unimportant modifications, holds good to the present day.

An English writer recently gave a list of the quotations from Molière's plays which have come into use among English-speaking people either in their French form or in translations. The list is as follows:

Le monde, chère Agnès, est une étrange chose.
L'Ecole des Femmes, Act II., Sc. 5.

Ah! pour être dévot, je n'en suis pas moins homme.
Le Tartufe ou L'Imposteur, Act III., Sc. 3.

Il y a fagots et fagots.
Le Médecin malgré Lui, Act I., Sc. 5.

Nous avons changé tout cela.
Ib., Act II., Sc. 4.

Le véritable Amphitryon
Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne.
Amphitryon, Act III., Sc. 5.

Je parle à mon bonnet.
L'Avare, Act I., Sc. 1.

Les beaux yeux de ma cassette.
Ib., Act V., Sc. 4.

Par ma foi! il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose sans que j'en susse rien.
Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Act II., Sc. 4.

Entre lui, vous et moi, jurons, jurons, ma belle,
Une ardeur éternelle.
Ib., Act IV., Sc. 1.

Je le soutiendrai devant tout le monde.
Ib., Act IV., Sc. 3.

Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère?
Les Fourberies de Scapin, Act II., Sc. 7.

La grammaire, qui sait régenter jusqu'aux rois.
Les Femmes Savantes, Act II., Sc. 6.

Ah! il n'y a plus d'enfants.
Le Malade Imaginaire, Act II., Sc. 8.

Last November we wrote several paragraphs concerning Admiral Dewey, one of which we here reprint without feeling it necessary to add a single word of comment:

It is interesting to reflect upon the utterly unique position which the Admiral now holds. For there has never lived a man whom every American, without regard to party or political belief or creed or race, admired and applauded without the slightest trace of envy or dislike or depreciation. Not Washington, nor Jefferson, nor Jackson, nor Grant, nor Lincoln—none of these was ever for a moment free from the enmity or the misrepresentation of some faction of his countrymen. Even now, a century after his death, there are those who try to qualify and minimise the honour that is paid to Washington, just as there were those who in his lifetime doubted his sincerity and even his integrity. But Admiral Dewey to-day has not a single detractor in the seventy millions of people who acclaim him, and nothing in their gift could add one jot to this supreme distinction. The Presidency itself would only dim his fame were he to take it; for he would then of necessity be forced down from the pinnacle on which he stands alone, and would descend into the ranks of faction. He has won what no American has ever had the chance to win, and we believe that he is wise enough and sane enough and self-poised enough to keep what he has won.

THE FUGUE

(A Memory)

The thumping chords and climbing scales I strum,
And fugues forever flying to and fro,
Bass from the treble's hurrying oboe
And treble from the bass's booming drum.
Set free at last, out where the grasses hum,
We play a living fugue, with cheeks aglow,
Pursuer and pursued; fleet-foot or slow,
And hearkening to the flicker's hollow thrum.
Still, all along that rocky upland ledge,
The columbine hangs out its scarlet horn
Where once you ran, whose voice of boyish scorn
Pierced my retreat behind the cedar hedge,
While, on some distant forest's northern edge,
You follow the grey night and orange morn.

Florence Wilkinson.

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THE OPERA SEASON

The success of the season that has just ended proves once again that the opera is an established institution in New York. As it is not merely an entertainment for

ANDREAS DIPPEL.

the fashionable world, but also a pleasure and educational factor for music lovers and students, it is only just to the latter to examine critically the work of the season. Many persons unthinkingly accept with gratitude whatever any impresario gives them, never remembering that the audience and not the impresario and his company are the moulders of public taste, and that in their hands rest the future standards of art. If the public will accept an indifferent, faulty, or an economical representation of a masterpiece, the impresario will continue to give exactly what is demanded and no more.

New York has been particularly fortunate in having representations of the Wagnerian music-dramas under the direct influence of the Bayreuth of Richard, and not Cosima, Wagner. Guided by Anton Seidl's magnetic bâton, Lehmann, Alvary, Brandt, Fischer, Niemann, Schott, Seidl-Krauss and others set such standards for the popular representation and interpretation of these great works that such performances as we witnessed this year of *Tristan und Isolde, Die Meistersinger* and *Lohengrin,* to say nothing of the *Ring,* should certainly call for protest. If Wagner was desecrated, and all his theories and directions scattered to the four winds, did Beethoven fare any better with *Fidelio?*

Fidelio certainly requires a "star" cast. Dippel and Ternina were equal to their parts, but the three other characters were assigned to inefficient members of the company, who murdered the music. The result was one of the most heavy, dull, lugubrious and distressing performances it has ever been our misfortune to endure.

One of the works that suffered particularly was *Le Nozze di Figaro,* which was mangled and freely cut. *Don Giovanni* differed from the correct version in many respects, and Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* was another whose dramatic links were broken.

The beautiful opening of the third act of *Aïda* was spoiled by the absence of the boat that should bring Amneris and Ramfis down the Nile. All the ensembles in *Carmen* were poor.

MADAME EMMA EAMES AS AÏDA.
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In nearly every opera presented, the orchestra was lifeless and rhythm absent. The chorus was generally bad, and always sang in Italian, even if the work was French or German. The climax of bad management and neglect of the composers' instructions was reached in *Die Meistersinger* and *Tristan und Isolde.* The former was presented in so confused a manner that it certainly must have been incomprehensible to a novice. Space forbids a recital of the faults committed.

The performance of *Tristan und Isolde* was probably the very worst ever given in this city. Van Dyck's Tristan was full of absurdities, and Ternina's Isolde could not stand comparison with Lehmann's, Sucher's or Klaffsky's. Nor was Mr. Paur satisfactory in his reading of the score. The orchestra carefully suppressed all climaxes, all rhythms, and the melodies in which the score abounds were seldom heard. Wagner was unrecognisable. The *Ring,* on the whole, was better than the other performances of the Wagnerian dramas; but there were many absurd mistakes in costume and stage setting, while the stage management was careless in the extreme. If the stage pictures suffered and the characters made mistakes as to costume and acting, how was the music? Where were the Wagnerian climaxes, where was the strength and ruggedness, and where was the delicate and subtle *motive?*

SIGNOR CAMPANARI AS FIGARO, "BARBER OF SEVILLE."

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CALVÉ AS CARMEN.

Lohengrin was full of anachronisms, and *Tannhäuser* and the *Flying Dutchman* were poorly set.

The operas given were as follows: *Faust, Roméo et Juliette, Carmen,* six; *Il Barbiere di Seviglia,* four; *Don Giovanni,* two; *Le Nozze di Figaro,* two; *Il Trovatore,* three; *Aïda,* five; *Die Walküre,* four; *Der Fliegende Holländer,* three; *Don Pasquale,* three; *Cavalleria Rusticana,* three; *Le Prophète,* two; *Lohengrin,* four; *I Pagliacci,* once; *Die Meistersinger,* three; *Tannhäuser,* four; *Das Rheingold,* two; *L'Africaine,* once; *Les Huguenots,* two; *Siegfried,* two; *Die Götterdämmerung,* two; *Rigoletto,* once; *Tristan und Isolde,* two; *Lucia di Lammermoor,* once; *Fidelio,* once; *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* once; *Mignon,* once; *The Magic Flute,* once.

Three novelties, or rather revivals, were given: *Don Pasquale,* Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* and *The*

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FRAULEIN MILKA TERNINA.

Magic Flute. Don Pasquale revealed itself to the new generation as a musical comedy full of charm and with beautifully written music. The orchestral score is light and graceful. It achieved a great success. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was less successful. Its interesting numbers, notably the exquisite romance, *Hörch die Lerche,* which Dippel sang with fine taste, could not revive its popularity.

The Magic Flute was revived with lavish scenery and costumes, and a real menagerie. However, notwithstanding Mozart's beautiful music, the public seemed to regard it in the light of an interesting relic rather than as a living work.

It is to be hoped that next season the management will procure a good stage-manager, a better orchestra, a real chorus and a Wagnerian conductor who can bring out the *motive* and infuse fire and spirit into his men to produce sonority of tone instead of mere noise, and it is also to be hoped that the minor members of the company will be weeded out and replaced by young and talented singers and actors.

The artistic success of the season was seriously marred by the presence of so large a collection of mediocrities and by the attempt to run the opera in Philadelphia and New York simultaneously. This frequently necessitated a change in the cast and furnished the excuse for lack of rehearsals.

The most brilliant success of the season was achieved by Mme. Sembrich. Far more genuine appreciation was accorded to her this year than last, for the public has come to realise that she is not merely one of the "stars" of this opera company, but one of the greatest singers and actresses of the age, and that she must be considered quite apart from the others.

Every character that she played was a creation, and at each performance she invested it with new charms and beauty; while her exquisite voice was always in sympathy with the personality and the moods of the character she was portraying. Her wonderful rhythm, her tasteful phrasing, her obedience to the composer, her brilliant execution, her variety and beauty of tone, and her grace and vivacity were exhibited in every rôle she presented. She made her first appearance this season as Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia,* and sang also Zerlina, Violetta in *La Traviata,* Lucia, Susanna, Juliette and Gilda, and appeared

SIGNOR SCOTTI AS DON GIOVANNI.

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for the first time as Eva in *Die Meistersinger.* She also sang Mrs. Ford (Frau Fluth) in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Norina in *Don Pasquale,* and the Queen of Night in *The Magic Flute.*

The only female singer that was new to this company—though not unfamiliar to American audiences—was Ternina. Owing to illness, her appearance was long delayed. She was warmly received as Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser,* and achieved considerable success as Sieglinde in *Die Walküre.* Ternina also sang Isolde, Senta, Leonora in *Fidelio,* and one of the Ladies in *The Magic Flute* with great enthusiasm.

Calvé was welcomed back after an absence of two seasons. She appeared as Carmen, Marguerite in *Faust,* and Santuzza in *Cavalleria Rusticana,* giving the utmost pleasure to her audiences, although much criticism was passed upon her new interpretation of Carmen, which has been greatly changed.

Schumann-Heink appeared in many parts and strengthened her hold upon the public favour so cordially extended to her last season. Her Fidès was new, and was so strongly presented that she completely dominated *Le Prophète.* Her

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK AS FRICKA IN "DIE WALKÜRE."

ALBERT ALVAREZ.

Mrs. Page (Frau Reich) in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was also new, and it was excellent. Her other characters this season were Fricka, Magdalena, Ortrude, Brangäne, Mary in *The Flying Dutchman,* one of the Rhine Daughters, one of the Norns, and Erda.

Eames was as popular as ever, and appeared as Aïda for the first time on any stage, greatly pleasing her many admirers. She also sang Juliette, Eva in *Die Meistersinger,* Elsa, Micaëla, Sieglinde, the Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro,* Marguerite in *Faust,* and Pamina in *The Magic Flute.*

Nordica was a particularly strong member of the company, and won many deserved triumphs. She gave a superb impersonation of Donna Anna and sang Mozart's magnificent music with a musician's feeling and spirit. She appeared as Brünnhilde on several occasions, besides sustaining the rôle all through the cycle of the *Ring,* Venus in *Tannhäuser,* Elsa, Aïda, Valentine in *Les Huguenots,* Leonora in *Il Trovatore,* Violetta in *La Traviata* and Selika in *L'Africaine.*

On the few occasions when Clementine de Vere-Sapio was one of the cast, her work was so satisfactory that one regrets that she is not more frequently brought

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ÉDOUARD DE RESZKÉ AS HAGEN IN "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."

forward. It was a pity, for instance, that Donna Elvira was not given to her, for the singer to whom this important rôle was intrusted proved very unsatisfactory. Mme. de Vere-Sapio sang Micaëla, Marguerite de Valois, Donna Inez, and Susanna in *Le Nozze di Figaro.*

Gadski made a few appearances, singing Senta, Eva, Elizabeth and Sieglinde; Mantelli sang Amneris, Urbain, Azucena, Siebel, Lola, one of the Ladies in *The Magic Flute,* and Stephano; Zelié de Lussan appeared as Cherubino, Mignon, Nedda and Papagena; Suzanne Adams, Cherubino, Filina in *Mignon,* Donna Elvira, Bertha and the Bird in Siegfried; Pevny appeared as Marcellina and Anne Page; Olitzka was Erda on one occasion; and Susan Strong sang Elsa, Freïa, and Gutrune.

Bauermeister was satisfactory, and always showed her intelligent comprehension of both the music and the drama.

The new male singers introduced this season were Alvarez, Scotti, Cornubert, Bertram, Friedrichs and Pini-Corsi. Of these, only Scotti produced any deep or lasting impression. The much-heralded Alvarez opened the season with Eames in *Roméo et Juliette,* an opera which Jean de Reszké made popular; Alvarez proved a great disappointment. Nor did he please as Faust, Radamès, John of Leyden, or Don José. He persistently sang out of tune.

Cornubert, who made his début as Vasco da Gama in *L'Africaine,* displayed so many faults in both singing and acting that it is not surprising that he found no favour.

Bertram, a German baritone of considerable reputation, made his first appearance as Vanderdecken in *The Flying Dutchman.* He also sang Telramund in *Lohengrin,* Pogner in *Die Meistersinger,* and several other Wagnerian rôles, besides appearing as Mr. Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* and Don Pizarro in *Fidelio.* He achieved a moderate success. Friedrichs, who made his first acquaintance with an American audience as Beckmesser, proved a true Wagnerian disciple, particularly in his submission to the dictates of the orchestra, allowing his actions to be guided by the instruments. He gave a somewhat different interpretation of Beckmesser than we are accustomed to, making him more dignified. His Alberich was a disappointment, but there were moments in *Das Rheingold* when he was excellent.

MADAME NORDICA AS AÏDA.

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Pini-Corsi made his début as Masetto in *Don Giovanni,* and achieved success. He also sang Dr. Bartolo in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia,* Monostatos, and Dr. Caius in *The Merry Wives of Windsor;* but his best part was Don Pasquale, in which he gave an exhibition of the amusing qualities of the true Italian buffo singer.

It is a pleasure to note both the steady advance in popularity of Scotti and the appreciation of the audience for a comparatively little advertised singer. Signor Scotti's work was conscientious and excellent throughout the season. His voice is clear, fresh, well trained and well managed, while his acting is characterised by a high intelligence and depth of emotion properly controlled and rightly expressed. Another good quality that cannot be too highly extolled is his habit of considering his relation to the other characters of the music-drama, and of subordinating himself when the situation demands. His Don Giovanni, Dr. Maletesta, Comte de Nevers, Valentine, Escamillo, Amonasro, Tonio and Nelusko are a pleasure to recall. As Signor Scotti is a young and an enthusiastic artist, he will doubtless mature and become one of the leading actor-singers of the day.

Of the basses, Edouard de Reszké gave unalloyed delight. His Leporello, his King in *Lohengrin,* his Friar Lawrence, Count Almaviva in *Le Nozze di Figaro,* Don Pedro in *L'Africaine,* Marcel, King Mark, Hagen, Zacharie in *Le Prophète,* and Don Basilio in *Il Barbiere,* were equal to his reputation. He appeared in no new characters, but his familiar rôles lost nothing of their popularity, and proved that he is still first among the bass singers.

Plançon came before the public as Escamillo, but he was not sufficiently dashing for the *toréador.* He appeared in his well-known parts of Capulet, Mephistopheles, Saint-Brio, Ramfis, Oberthal in *Le Prophète,* the Landgrave in *Tannhäuser,* the Wandering Minstrel in *Mignon,* and Sarastro.

Van Rooy returned and accomplished his best work as Wotan, The Wanderer and Wolfram. His Hans Sachs was disappointing and his Kurwenal was below expectations.

Campanari was excellent as Figaro in *Il Barbiere.* He also sang Figaro in *Le Nozze,* the Count di Luna in *Il Trovatore,* Alfio in *Cavalleria Rusticana,* Valentine, Germont in *Traviata,* Rigoletto, Ashton in *Lucia,* and Papageno.

Jean de Reszké's place was not filled. He was missed on many occasions. Owing to his absence and to M. Saleza's illness, there was no first tenor, except Alvarez, who could not fill the niche. Van Dyck stood at the head of the German list, but although he appeared as Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, and Siegmund, and even essayed Tristan, it was only as Loge that he proved acceptable.

Dippel, who is a most industrious student, proved a useful member of the company, inasmuch as he is equal to sustaining tenor parts in the Italian, French and German repertory. His best work was accomplished as Walther in *Die Meistersinger,* and as Siegfried in *Die Götterdämmerung.* He also appeared as Erik in *The Flying Dutchman,* Turiddu in *Cavalleria Rusticana,* Lohengrin, Faust, Siegmund, Fenton in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Florestan in *Fidelio,* Manrico in *Il Trovatore,* and Tamino.

Saléza appeared as Turiddu in *Cavalleria Rusticana,* and Faust and Don José.

Owing to an emergency, Perotti was drawn from the Germania Theatre to fill Van Dyck's place as Tannhäuser, and, being retained in the company, he appeared as Radames, Raoul in *Les Huguenots,* and Lohengrin. Signor Perotti had sung at the Metropolitan years ago.

Salignac sang Count Almaviva in *Il Barbiere,* Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni,* Ernesto in *Don Pasquale,* Don José Canio in *I Pagliacci,* Alfredo in *La Traviata,* the Duke in *Rigoletto* and Wilhelm Meister in *Mignon.*

Esther Singleton.

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TO CERTAIN ENGLISH AND CANADIAN CORRESPONDENTS

During the past six weeks we have received a very large number of letters and other communications from readers and subscribers to THE BOOKMAN, all relating in some way to the comments which from time to time we have been making with regard to the South African War. Such of these communications as have come from our American constituency have been, with scarcely an exception, commendatory. Such, however (and these constitute the greater part of the letters), as have been sent from England, and especially from Canada, represent, in their tone and in their forms of expression, the entire gamut of censure, from ordinary disapproval to violent vituperation. Most of the writers have signed their names and have given their addresses, so that under ordinary circumstances we should have made a personal reply to each of them through the post; but the number of these letters has become so great as to render this course a physical impossibility, and, therefore, we take the present opportunity to make a general reply in the same columns in which our previous opinions were set forth.

It is proper to say, in the first place, that almost all the communications which have come to us, even from those persons who have most strenuously opposed our views, have been couched in terms of personal courtesy. A few, to be sure, have represented the extreme limit of epistolary violence; but we have not been ruffled by the reading of them, but rather have viewed them as interesting examples of how rich our language is in adjectives and participles. Others have dealt with us in a humorous manner, and we have thoroughly enjoyed the humour, and all the more because it has not infrequently embodied some very clever hits. Occasionally newspaper clippings and printed cartoons have been enclosed for our information or discomfiture, and these we have preserved as a part of the *memorabilia* of our editorial office. One gentleman in Canada transmitted a little newspaper account of how a certain impulsive person, who let his sympathy with the Boers overcome his discretion, was tarred and feathered and drummed out of a Canadian town; and this account is accompanied by the following terse warning written on a slip of paper: "This is what you will get if you ever come to Canada." But on the whole, the letters have been characterised by those personal amenities which make controversy most effective, and the spirit in which they have been composed has been a spirit rather of sorrow than of anger, joined also with a desire to argue the merits of the general question involved in this most unhappy war.

Now, in replying to these letters we ought to say, in the first place, that all our correspondents are mistaken when they think that we are animated by a feeling of dislike for England. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is, indeed, impossible to see why any intelligent American should be swayed by a feeling of hostility to England. In the first place, as we said in our last number, the interests of America and the interests of England will always in the long run be essentially identical. Our national temper, our national ambitions and our national standards are the same as those of England; the sources of our national traditions are the same. The two countries are bound together by a thousand ties, of which perhaps the most enduring and the most powerful are those which are most difficult to define. Moreover, no American can fail to see that Great Britain has done more to spread the higher civilisation and justice and liberty than any other nation in the modern world; and now that the American Republic has broken through her old-time isolation and has found herself confronted with the same problems with whose solution Englishmen for centuries have been concerned, there is springing up between us a new understanding and a new bond of sympathy that time will only strengthen and confirm. It is only, therefore, a very narrow-minded sort of American who in his larger view of his own country's history and mighty future can be really anti-English; for fundamentally to be anti-English is in reality to be anti-American.

This, however, does not mean that an American is bl dly to believe that all of England's acts e wise; that her govern-

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ment at any given moment is absolutely fair and generous, and that her course, as against an alien people, is always just. We could not properly be asked to say this even of our own country and of our own government. The vast majority of Americans to-day believe that our treatment of the Indians has been marked both by rapacity and by cruelty. Looking back a generation or two, the majority of our people believe that our war with Mexico was a war of wanton aggression, involving the spoliation of a weaker nation by a stronger one. Hundreds of thousands of Americans at the present moment are bitterly opposed to the extension of our government to the Philippines. It would be rather odd, therefore, if we could never criticise the English people and the English government without laying ourselves open to the charge of inveterate hostility to England. Must we, indeed, in order to prove the sincerity of our friendship, regard England and her government as infallible, as incapable of ever being in the wrong? Without wishing to be ungracious, we may venture to remind our correspondents that Englishmen have never felt it to be a racial duty to abstain from criticising what Americans have done; and without specifying further we should like to refer our friends and readers to the files of the London *Times* and the London *Saturday Review* from 1860 down to 1865—and for that matter to these same files for the years 1898-99.

Our correspondents are probably aware that the bulk of the Liberal party in England at the present time believe that England's war upon the Boer Republics was in its origin unnecessary and unjust. The most eminent leaders of this party have put themselves on record from their seats in Parliament. Since the war began, they have been willing, as loyal Englishmen, to vote the money and the men required for its vigorous and successful prosecution; but they have said openly and fearlessly that the war itself was wrong. Yet we do not believe that our correspondents regard these men as disloyal to their country and their Queen, or hold that they are actuated by any but the highest motives. It is easy enough to shout with the rabble and to wave the flag and to bawl out Kiplingese. This is merely what the man in the street may do. But to stand up firmly and to stem, so far as in one lies, the foaming tide of popular enthusiasm, because of an intense conviction that this enthusiasm is given to an unjust cause is one of the hardest things for any man to do, and is, therefore, one of the noblest and the most unselfish.

If Englishmen may criticise the acts of England and still be loyal Englishmen, may not an American who is a friend to England also criticise those acts without the imputation of unfriendliness? We leave the answering of this question to our readers and our correspondents in England and in Canada, and we should like to have them answer it in that spirit of candour and fair play which is one of the finest attributes of the men of English blood and lineage.

H. T. P.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RING*

The treatment of sport in fiction has been singularly uneven. The chariot races of Rome and of Antioch, the gladiatorial contests of the Coliseum, have frequently been woven into the novel. Likewise the sports which have in a measure taken the places of these in the life of the modern world, the equally thrilling horse-race, and the somewhat more humane prize-fight, have received at the hands of the story-spinner treatment that is comparatively adequate. The horse-race in especial has proved a theme that seems never to grow trite. It is, perhaps, too often confined to the fiction of a poorer sort; the racing story is generally on an intellectual equality with the racing play, dependent upon the conventional melodramatic claptrap, the shopworn contrivances, the welching bookmaker, the unfaithful trainer, the poisoned bit; but no

*The Green Flag, and Other Stories. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: The S. S. McClure Company. $1.50.

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matter how tawdry the dressing, there is something about it all that seldom fails in its effect upon the ordinary novel reader. In striking contrast to the broadness, the universal interest of the horse-race in fiction, are the stories that are appearing very frequently at the present time about some other sports which appeal more directly to the amateur. Somehow these tales of the cinder path, the links and the "gridiron" have an interest only for those with a strong personal liking and intimate and even technical acquaintance with track athletics, or golf, or intercollegiate football. Any one of these golf stories, for instance, would be utterly unintelligible and meaningless to one who had not the terms "fore" and "slice" and "approach" and "foozle" and "stymie" and "tee"—in short, the entire gamut of the game—at his fingers' ends. But with the romance of the prize-ring the case is much the same as with the romance of the turf. The story of two thoroughbreds fighting down the stretch to the wire, or the story of two game men struggling for mastery within a roped ring, contains the fundamental elements which stir and stimulate human emotions. It has an interest almost as keen for the tyro who has never seen a paddock or a pair of padded gloves as for the most approved and knowing Corinthian.

The prize-ring in fiction has had many exponents. In one of the most famous contests of the century the first and greatest editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* found a subject for one of his delightful Roundabout Papers. No earnest student of Thackeray can fail to feel the keen pleasure he always had in bringing into his books some allusion or metaphor drawn from his acquaintance with the practice or the ethics of the ring. There is a very graphic description of a pugilistic struggle in one of Mr. Meredith's novels. For pure horror Victor Hugo never surpassed the chapter describing the battle between the representatives of Scotland and of Ireland in *L'Homme Que Rit.* To confine our attention to the writers of the present day, we have a very admirable chronicler of the romance of the ring in the person of Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle, who, in "The Croxley Master," the most striking of the stories which make up the volume at present under discussion, has given us a prize-fight only a little less graphic and thrilling than the two splendid battles in *Rodney Stone.*

In looking over the work of Dr. Doyle during the past three or four years, one realises with the keenest sort of regret the unfortunate mistake he made in putting an end to Sherlock Holmes. The originality, the dramatic attractiveness of this character, were so striking that it is only now in looking back through the tales of *The Adventures* and *The Memoirs,* that we appreciate how utterly inferior they were in construction and dialogue. Since he wrote *The Study in Scarlet* Dr. Doyle has been learning much about craftsmanship. Sherlock Holmes in the author's hands to-day might not be any more striking and vivid a creation, but he would assuredly stand out from a better setting. We should probably have considerably less of his friend and alleged historian, the very tiresome bore, Watson. The latter was always quite incorrigible in his expressions of polite astonishment. When after Holmes, for the three hundredth time, had deduced alimony, a bad digestion and a West End scandal from an inspection of a visiting-card or an old hat band, Watson broke into his conventional volley of superlatives, the whole matter became just a little wearisome. For a time after Dr. Doyle's first success and popularity there were strong indications of a general fizzling out of his originality. Upon one occasion he practically rewrote, with new characters and a few minor changes, a story which he had told a few years before. In the case to which we refer the second story was called "The Illness of Signor Lambert"; the first was included in the volume which bore the title *Round the Red Lamp.* There were many such indications of waning strength. But of late he seems to be coming up again; one might sum it up by saying that he is getting his second wind. Much of his very recent work is marked with all his early fire and spontaneity, and yet there are many of these later tales which we lay down with disappointment simply because we feel how much better they would have been woven about the strange gifts, the personality, the omnipotence and omniscience of Sherlock Holmes. A notable story of this kind was "The Story of the Lost Special," which appeared in the columns of an English magazine about two years ago, but

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which, to the best of the recollection of the present writer, has not yet been brought out in book form. It was simply the story of a train—locomotive, tender and two passenger-coaches—which, running in broad daylight through one of the most thickly populated districts of England, disappears without leaving the slightest clue of importance as to its fate. One could not readily conceive more startling and daring a plot, yet when the mystery is ultimately cleared away the whole thing seems possible enough, and had the explanation been brought about, as it should and might easily have been, by Sherlock Holmes and the science of deduction, the story would have taken rank with the very best that have come from Dr. Doyle's ingenious pen.

In addition to "The Croxley Master," the present volume contains many stories that will be read eagerly by those who love a good tale for its own sake. A few of them, however, suggest, to some extent, other stories by other writers. For instance, there are many points of resemblance between "The Green Flag" and Mr. Kipling's "The Mutiny of the Mavericks." "The New Catacomb" is very grim and tragic and horrible, but we lay it aside with the conviction that Edgar Allan Poe wrote a story very much like it in "The Cask of Amontillado," and that the idea is pretty much the same as that which inspired Balzac when he sat down to "La Grande Bretêche." "The Striped Chest," "The Crime of the Brigadier" and "A Romance of the Foreign Office" are all very typical Conan Doyle stories, but the three parts which deal with the adventures of Captain Sharkey, the buccaneer, seem lacking in his usual spirit and dash.

Of "The Croxley Master" one need only say that it strengthens the conviction which came from reading *Rodney Stone*—that Dr. Doyle is to-day absolutely unrivalled as a chronicler of the romance of the ring. Perhaps it was because he had already been accepted as a mere literary amuser that the critics and the reading public in general have so underestimated it as a book of real and lasting value. They have looked at the story, they have found it a good one, but what they have not seen and realised is that it is a powerful picture of the England of that day. There are a thousand romances and histories from which we may reconstruct the period. We may follow the Napoleonic Eagles from capital to capital. We may see Pitt and Fox and Byron and Tom Moore and poor old George the Third and his son, the inventor of a shoe-buckle, the First Gentlemen of Europe. But none the less real are the rough men who gathered about in black thousands when Jack Harrison and Crab Wilson faced each other in the ring on Crawley Downs.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE GRUB STREET OF TO-DAY

BY ONE WHO KNOWS IT.

When any man tells you (as some men will) that Grub Street is no longer in existence, you can be sure of nothing except that he is not acquainted with it. The fact is that not only does Grub Street still survive among us, but it is larger than ever, and still growing. It is

> Old in new state, another yet the same,

and in how much or how little it differs from the original thoroughfare, you may perhaps best judge for yourself by considering the stories of some of its tenants.

Let us take Reginald Scribe to begin with. He is a shabby, dogged little man of forty, whose incompetence and self-confidence are equally boundless. When I first came across him he was living in a squalid lodging-house near Gower Street. He never entertained his friends there. When one happened to call, he invariably came down and interviewed him on the door-step, or escorted him to a handy beer-house, explaining that he had no place in which they could talk by themselves, and that he was only put up

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at that lodging-house temporarily. He lived by writing casual paragraphs for the newspapers and short stories for the poorer class of sensational weeklies; he had contributed two or three 60,000 to 80,000-word serials to a London newspaper at £10 apiece; he had written plays which nobody would act, and a problem novel that nobody would publish, but was still living hopefully always on the verge of great happenings—that never happened. At this stage of his career the uncle of his landlady's daughter died and left her £50. He had previously been paying polite attentions to the girl; he now married her without loss of time, in spite of her mother's objections, and secured the money. But the mother interfering with his literary labours by following him to his new address and demanding some share of the legacy, he secretly departed with his bride to Clacton-on-Sea; and they did not return until all the money was gone. I met him in Fleet Street some months after this, and he had returned to his pristine shabbiness, but was incandescent with the pride of having just secured an appointment as editor of a particular page of a prominent London daily. He was in a mood to own vaingloriously that he had been having "a very rough time," that he and his wife were reduced to the necessity of living in a certain deplorable little court off Holborn, but with this new and permanent appointment he would soon be out of all that.

"They've got plenty of money," he said confidentially. "I started work there last Monday, and—well, my clothes have gone a bit off, and I suppose I don't look altogether the thing to be going in and out of an office like that—so last night they advanced me two weeks' screw—not much, y'know, to begin with—and gave me the tip to get a new rig out and a top hat."

Some six months after this I met him by St. Paul's, and he was shabby again. He had lost the editorial position, "owing," he said, "to a misunderstanding." I gathered that just now he was busy as the ghost of a gentleman of means who was not sound in his grammar: they were collaborating in a book on the dramatic profession; his partner supplied all the information, and he did all the writing; his partner had undertaken to pay for the publication, if necessary, and they were to share the profits. Subsequently the book appeared, but its success was so limited that, had he not been thoughtful enough to get his partner to advance something on account of his share in time, he might have had no profits at all. By-and-by he was retained on a once well-known penny weekly that was dying and wanted a cheap editor. During his tenure of this office he was twice discharged, but firmly refused to quit his post until all arrears of salary had been paid, with the result that the proprietor, who had already lost his capital, lost heart and left the paper to its doom. Reginald is now, as he was at first, writing short stories for the sensational press, and, for the evening papers, paragraphs of topical interest, and on the proceeds has to maintain not only himself, but his wife and child.

There are many others in Grub Street who rely largely for their income on this supplying paragraphs to the newspapers. One such journalist I know, however, who has almost abandoned this precarious pursuit, and lives a little more comfortably by compiling condensed biographies of provincial tradesmen and staid records of their businesses, at the rate of 4s. per thousand words. He and others like him are employed by a society in London that issues a sort of local guide in the chief provincial towns, and the advertisers in each volume are entitled to have such biographies and records of themselves and their concerns incorporated with the general history of the town. A letter from the biographer, his catalogue and price-list supply all the material the author requires, and as each article must run to about 500 words, he is able to command 2s. for every biography and record he composes.

Hector Pendennis is an elderly journalist of superior education and accomplishments, a university man, with every prospect of a brilliant career—behind him. But he has long since outlived his ambitions, and ascribes his decline and fall to repeated disappointments and irresistible bad luck. When he is sober, he works hard and well for very inadequate remuneration. Nobody knows where he lives. He is to be seen most days in the reading-room of one of certain libraries that are well supplied with foreign tech-

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nical and trade journals. He reads through these in search of any striking German, French, Italian or other article on any new trade process, plant or machinery, and having made notes thereof, he tours round to the offices of divers London trade and technical journals seeking orders to translate those articles. Some weeks he discovers nothing of sufficient novelty to tempt any of his editors; but generally he can find a market for one or two translations, and in good weeks has earned upward of £2.

Probably you will have noticed, in several very popular weeklies, articles which I have heard generically described as of the "Do Madmen Eat Fat?" order. They are quite a specialty, and usually paid for, as you will see by announcements in the papers, at the rate of a guinea a column. But Evelyn Milton, who was half starving in Grub Street on newspaper paragraphs and very miscellaneous occasional writings, hit upon the happy idea of securing large orders for the "Do Madmen Eat Fat?" kind of article by offering to take reduced prices for a quantity. He called on various editors for whom he had done occasional work of that class, and was not unsuccessful; he arranged to supply it to one of the chief of these papers at 8s. a column; and other men in Grub Street have done and are still doing likewise. He is thus practically sure of a regular income of from 12s. to 16s. weekly, which he supplements with his less reliable journalistic miscellanies. It is a small matter, but, being sure, it enables him to maintain a settled address; there were times when he had to do all his writing in the newsrooms, and by night slept in a somewhat ordinary "doss-house" to the south of one of the bridges.

I fancy that, on the whole, there is about as much learning and genius in Grub Street to-day as was in it of old, but it develops, or withers, under different conditions. The growth of the popular press, the multiplication of cheap periodicals, gives the impecunious man of letters a wider though less lofty outlook. The men of learning and genius who decayed in the garrets of last century or the century before, devoted themselves to the compiling and writing of erudite volumes and treatises, and to the translation or composition of lengthy poems, not because they were too great to write for a more profitable popular press, but merely because there was no popular press to write for. They followed the fashion of their times, as their descendants are subdued to follow the fashion of ours. Among men in Grub Street whose knowledge and love of literature is, or was, greater than has gone to the making of many men of letters who have been more successful, I recall one who commenced his career as a writer of occasional essays and poems in the higher class magazines. His work was full of promise, and he might have realised his youthful ambitions, but in a time of financial embarrassment he tried his hand at song-writing for the music halls. His very first attempt scored an immense success; it was played and ground for a season by every band and piano organ in the kingdom. The prospect of earning money and popularity so easily and instantly was irresistible. He adopted such song-writing as a profession. During the next five or six years he scored several other successes, but none so great as his first; then he began to lose the knack of hitting the public taste, and when I last heard of him he was doing ill-paid hack work for a minor journal, and was glad to sell his latest new song to a small "star," or a new beginner on the variety stage, for "five shillings and a drink." I am acquainted with three other music-hall song-writers whose careers have been wonderfully similar to this, but with only one who made a real success of the business, and is the happy possessor of a banking account.

In our days there are as many corners of Grub Street in the suburbs as in the city. Take the case of Brown-Jones. He is a married man with three children, and combines literature with art for a livelihood. Some of the jokes and funny stories and many of the illustrations you come across in the ha'penny comic papers are from his pen. When I was first introduced to him he and his family dwelt in three small rooms on the top floor of a shabby-genteel suburban residence. To maintain himself and his family he was compelled to eke out his artistic and journalistic earnings by borrowing money of his friends and running into debt. His wife tiring of these methods, they compromised with the landlady regarding

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some arrears of rent, succeeded in taking a presentable house near by, furnished most of it on the hire system, and proceeded to let it off. When the rooms were let and money coming in, Brown-Jones worked with less and less of ardour. But, unfortunately, the boarders who paid did not stay long, and those who stayed long did not pay. This affected not only Brown-Jones; his landlord suffered by it, and his tradesmen. In the end he had to concede the hired furniture to the dealers, and the keys to the landlord, and retired to a top floor over a butter-shop with less credit than ever and more creditors.

I have given in briefest outline only a few of the lives that have been or are being lived in Grub Street within my own knowledge. You must not look upon any one of them as a solitary instance; each is fairly representative of a type that is not rare. There are women-workers, too, in Grub Street now; and the whole region, I repeat, was never larger than it is at present—there were never more toilers going into it, or fewer coming out.

NEBULAE OF SONG

Dim nebulæ of song!
First, a cold star-dust in the spirit's void,
Whirling with measured sweep the shadows through,
Then more compact, centripetal and strong,
Swifter and surer and of warmer hue!

Thy brothers wait thee in the blue above,
Far through the silences their songs descend;
Thou too shalt join their ancient choir of love,
And send thy light across the paths of men.

Now the faint music of the early dawn,
Feeling its way with broken chords and slow,
Then the C Major, resolute and strong,
Surer in conscious strength the measures go.

But thou, dim dust, that trailest through the night,
Breasting the waves of that unsounded sea,
Swift be the course of thy triumphant flight,
And sweet thy music in the years to be!

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

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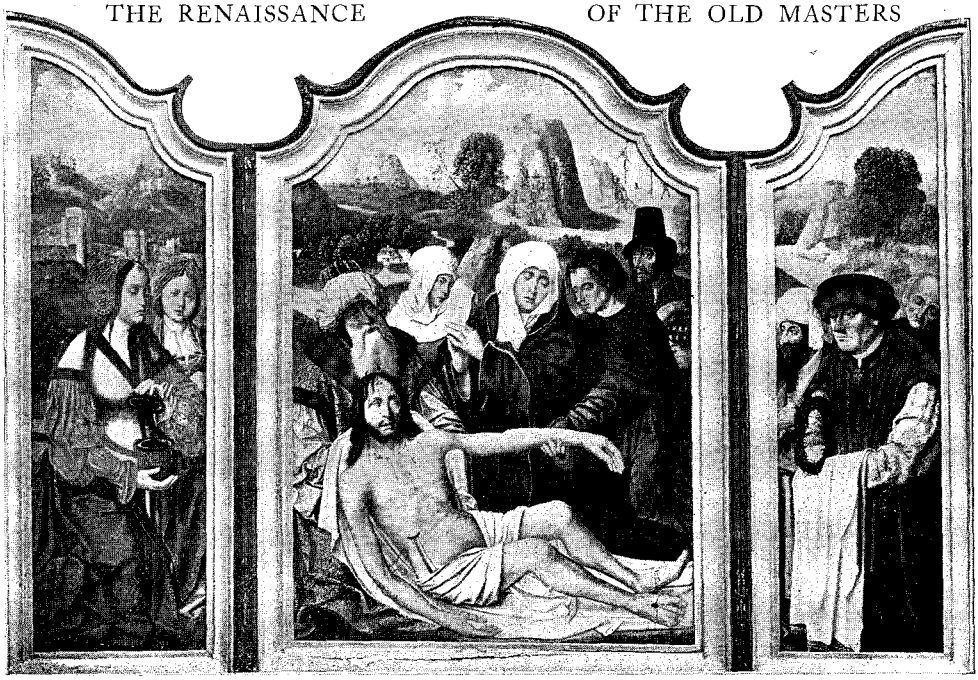

ÉCOLE FLAMANDE.

By courtesy of Messrs. Durand-Ruel.

Fashion, as potent in art as in the matter of garments, has been and probably ever will be, a factor in determining the choice of pictures. The really serious and intelligent collector is of a rare genus. He is found more frequently among the middle classes than in the ranks of the millionaires, and he is not too frequent anywhere. By reason naturally of great wealth, the most important collections are found in the homes of the unusually prosperous; but as a rule, this is because it is decreed in polite circles that the ownership of works of art is a sign of good breeding, proper refinement and financial standing. Hence it is that the man of fortune fills his house and galleries with high-priced canvases.

While the possession of riches does not necessarily imply an absence of æsthetic taste, it is not, on the other hand, a mark of unquestionable and unerring artistic judgment, and to buy with lavish hand where the question of money is a matter of no moment does not mean the same as where the genuine enthusiast secures his cherished desires only after the most rigid economy and sacrifice, even at times of the necessities of life. However, it is, after all, to the Mecænases that come the great prizes of collectorship, and much as we may regret that they are not always worthy the gifts fortune bestows, we must accept the inevitable, and the less fortunate may only console himself with the thought that he can enjoy his modest possessions more than many of the great ones of the earth whose wealth has enabled them to buy right and left, sometimes wisely, and sometimes with but little discrimination.

Thirty years ago our merchant princes were loaded down with paintings by the men of the Düsseldorf schools, and with the clever French, Spanish and Italian incident pictures, dexterous, uninspired and quite outside the pale of genuine art. Twenty years before that there were still others among the painters no more worthy, but in the fashion, and the rich public bought in the same indiscriminate manner. The "men of thirty" were just as artistic fifty years ago as they are today, but their canvases went practically begging and were a drug on the market, while meretricious pictures sold well. A landscape by Rousseau that will sell now for $25,000 was offered for a pittance in the painter's studio. A Corot that sold in the William Hood Stewart collection last winter in New York for over $6000 was purchased by Mr. Stewart in the ar-

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L'ARCHDUC ALBERT. BY PETER PAUL RUBENS.
By courtesy of Messrs. Durand-Ruel.

tist's studio for 500 francs, the painter asking no more, knowing well he would not get it. The little panels by Diaz, for which the collectors give thousands, and tumble over each other in their desire to bid at auction sales, were sold in quantities to the French dealers during the lifetime of Diaz for a few francs, or willingly exchanged for some trifling *bric-à-brac* or Eastern carpet. But these little dreams of tone were as artistic when Diaz signed them as they are to-day.

Is it to be presumed that the successful merchants on whose walls now hang the Troyons, Rousseaus, Daubignys, Corots and Diazes appreciate to the full the subtle beauties these men have wrought out? Do they prefer them to the story-telling canvases of the Germans, Frenchmen or Italians, which they can probably better understand? In all likelihood, not at all! Fashion decreed that these pictures were the right and proper things to have, and, lo! now no well-regulated collection is complete without them, and perhaps we may be thankful that fashion has prescribed so intelligent a law. The history of these men to whom I have referred, because it is so recent and fresh, is pretty much the history of artists of all ages. They have so frequently to wait, death and time only demonstrating their place and value. There are exceptions, of course, from our own Sargent, away back to the earliest records, where the painter has come into his own during his brief reign in this world; but these cases are not too frequent.

Now, ancient pictures are not of necessity good pictures. The world's crop of masterpieces has never been large, and age in the matter of works of art is not perforce an indication of transcendent merit. There has always existed, and will always continue to exist, a cult of what may be called for want of a better term, "old master cranks." These are men who have no use for modern workers; who live in the past and see nothing worthy later than the eighteenth century. They know the personal history of every old master, and the location of his principal pictures; they are familiar with the galleries of Europe, and can tell the exact size in inches of the "Sistine Madonna," or the number of square feet in the "Descent from the Cross," giving the

VIRGIN AND CHILD. BY GIOVANNI DI PIETRO, CALLED LO SPAGNA.
By courtesy of John G. Johnson, Esq.

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proper chronological date of the execution of the canvas, with the aims and intention of the master, which, it may be added, would surprise him as much, could he return to earth and hear of them, as it would the modern artist. For a genuine artistic appreciation of the work, however, as a painter's product, or the ability to realise the true achievement of the men, one might ask of them in vain. They have the theoretical view of the work, and are quite unable to diagnose the painter's intentions. Happily, these men are seldom buyers, and confine themselves to the stupid discussion of art or the writing of dreary treatises on pictures which seldom get beyond a first edition.

Still another class of men exist—and these are the most hopeless and impossible of all—who buy spurious canvases, either knowingly or with the notion that they have secured masterpieces, always at a mere song. They are men who haunt junkshops and the cheaper auction rooms where ancient and cracked old works, generally faded out of all semblance of any possible recognition of original purpose, are disposed of for a few dollars. These they take home carefully, clean up sometimes or have restored, and

PORTRAIT OF MRS. GIBBON AS "MIRANDA." BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

DUCHESS DE BOURGOGNE. BY PIERRE MIGNARD. By courtesy of Edward Brandus.

finally bolster themselves up with the idea that they have secured gems of the first water. The rare cases where genuine works have been thus found buoy them with the belief that they, too, may make such a discovery, and their quest goes merrily on. Their attributions are superb and their faith is boundless. These men have done much to discredit a respect and veneration in America for the genuine article. Except that they are aggravating, they are a mild sort of lunatic, beloved by the junkman and the unscrupulous auctioneer, and their punishment is visited on their heirs, who, when the collections are finally dumped on the market, are violently disillusionised.

The love for and genuine appreciation of the old masters has, of course, always been a characteristic of the educated connoisseur. So, too, the true artist has been faithful to the memory of the grand painters, although the realisation of the best is, after all, a matter of education even for the professional worker. In his first years in Paris, the student probably

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VIRGIN AND CHILD. BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI.
By courtesy of Catholina Lambert, Esq.

prefers the Luxembourg to the Louvre; the average visitor invariably does; but with time and serious study, sooner or later the young artist gravitates to the right bank of the Seine, and there, among the older toilers in art, he finds more to occupy his thoughts and stimulate his ambitions. The reason is not difficult to find; these old princes of art were giants in their way, beside the best of which most modern figure painters dwarf into insignificance. Measured by any standard, from dexterity to fecundity, from drawing to colour, from composition to originality, they fill all the requirements; and they sounded the human note with a grandeur and a force not given to the modern craftsman. The Golden Age of painting has passed. Michael Angelo, Titian, Tintoretto, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt and Hals, what shall we say of their masterpieces, save to stand abashed and uncovered in their presence?

These men inspired their contemporaries and later workers, who, if they did not rise to the sublime heights which the masters reached, yet produced splendid examples of the second order which are still remarkable pictures. A whole host of Italian, Dutch and Spanish painters, with the group of early English portraitists, still stand pre-eminently in the forefront, and the painter of to-day seeks in vain to discover the secrets of their wonderful pigment, to obtain the suavity of their brushwork, and to reach the authority with which they invested their likenesses. With admirable technique they yet concealed their methods of procedure, and, able as it is, it never assumes an undue importance. When we look at their canvases, it is the humanity that claims attention, it is the personal qualities of the sitter that appeal, and with all the mastery of craftsmanship, it is the simplicity, directness and honesty of purpose above everything that give the distinction.

Up to within a very few years ago the examples of these earlier men were rarely available. Occasionally, one or two of the first order found their way to the auction rooms, or were disposed of at private sale, to tide over some extravagant scion of an ancient house. Frequently the seller was an impecunious Italian prince, long of titles and short of ready cash. Then, the buyer was a museum, or some nobleman of fine æsthetic taste, royalty now and then augmenting its possessions. Our American millionaire was a rarer specimen then that at present, and the fairly rich native had little time or inclination to buy such works, if, indeed, he had the place wherein to install them. Besides, if he was rich, travelled, and handsomely installed, the copies made in the great European galleries and sold in Rome, Florence and in other European centres were quite good enough for him, and of these not a few were in evidence at one time as souvenirs of the *grand tour*. After the Civil War in America the tide of modern French art set in, augmented by that of Germany and Italy, and with the fortunes consequent upon successful commerce immediately after the strife, the fashion ran more to showy, brilliant, flashy art, not

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JAMES STUART, DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX. BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.
From Treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission of R. H. Russell.

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all bad, to be sure, but in the main, it must be confessed, quite meretricious.

As fortunes became greater and more men came into wealth, with the development of the country and the better education of the citizen, the facilities of travel and the frequency of European intercourse, the collector multiplied and gained in intelligence. It became a question not so much of pictures as of *good* pictures, and there was a general reaching out among the discriminating for something more intellectually satisfying. It was then the serious Barbizon men began to come into their own, and with the demand rose the prices. The example set by the judicious was followed by others shrewd enough to take the hint. The auction-room barometer showed a steadily rising glass; but dead men paint no pictures, and there was a limit to the supply. Our own William Hunt, the artist, was instrumental in introducing the work of the Barbizon men into this country, and had interested Boston collectors in these artists. Live men sometimes paint pictures very like the work of certain artists dead and gone, and unscrupulous dealers have been known before this to take advantage of the verisimilitude. Nevertheless, forgeries delude only the few, and so it came that the collector looked about him for new worlds to conquer.

About ten years or more ago, by one reason or another, there began to reach the American market examples by these earlier men of whom I have written. Now and then there appeared one of the first class, though these were rare; but good ones of the second and third classes were to be had. A few enterprising dealers in this country, with considerable artistic and not a little commercial perspicuity, were wise in their generation, and brought across the water—not, it must be added, without some misgivings—a number of these pictures. They were sold, after a little hesitation on the part of the buyer, who at first was not overconvinced. Living with the canvases, however, was continually to discover new beauties, to realise their terrific earnestness and to comprehend the aims of the gifted authors. We judge so frequently in this country from the financial standpoint that it is interesting to note the quite remarkable advances in values which have taken place. Works that sold a few seasons ago—and the movement is practically confined to a period not extending over ten years back—for a few hundred dollars are now worth as many thousands. As investments alone they are valuable property that shows a great advance.

Among these works, those by the great coterie of Georgian painters, already referred to as the "early Englishmen," have appealed with great force and have increased rapidly in value. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Henry Raeburn, George Romney and others of this school, painters of our ancestry across the sea, are eagerly sought after, and their best work sells for high prices. There is a great desire, too, for the primitive Italians, and though it is rarely possible to classify these latter other than by schools, their seriousness and *naïveté* are unmistakably pregnant with æsthetic significance.

Although our collectors have been getting together these old masters for a comparatively brief period, with an energy and an enthusiasm characteristic of the race, they have secured an astonishing number of fine examples. There are collections in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Baltimore and Washington, to mention only a few of the cities, that are really remarkable. We cannot, of course, compete with the Government collections of Europe, the palaces of royalty and the ancestral halls of the great nobility, where are hung generations of family heirlooms, the majority of which in all probability will never pass into the hands of strangers. The time, too, has passed when, by conquest of war, nations may enrich their picture galleries; and we can fancy the consternation of Europe if this Government had demanded as an indemnity of Spain an assortment of canvases from the Madrid Museum. The American connoisseur for the future, however, must be counted a factor to be reckoned with in the great sales, and, with the resources of our men of finance, it is fair to presume that not many grand works of art will escape them in a fair and open competition where discrimination is reinforced by almost inexhaustible bank accounts.

Arthur Hoeber.

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GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

V Russian Newspapers

Were it permissible to be either unduly serious or frankly facetious in the treatment of the interesting subject of the present condition of the Russian metropolitan press, one could hardly avoid beginning with a paraphrase of the proverb in regard to the snakes of Ireland. The "great newspapers of Russia"—but are there great newspapers in the country of the Czar? Are the conditions there such as to promote the progress of journalism? As this paper is not to deal with Russian politics or government, except indirectly and superficially, it is not necessary to answer the second query. Certain it is, at all events, that a number of Russian daily papers are trying very hard to appear "great" and to deserve the reputation they enjoy among some Western Europeans. A newspaper has many sides, and in justice it must be admitted that some qualities of journalistic greatness are possessed by the press of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Curious misconceptions prevail in Europe and in the United States respecting the status and rôle of the Russian daily newspapers. Some magnify and exaggerate their power, but many go to the other extreme and regard them as a negligible quantity. For instance, at the outbreak of the South African War the London *Economist,* a careful and well-informed journal, in commenting upon the hostility of Continental Europe to Great Britain, spoke contemptuously of the attitude of the Russian press as signifying nothing more than that the government of St. Petersburg was opposed to English policy and jealous of English success. It assumed as an undeniable fact that the Russian press was not free to express the sentiments of the nation, or of the educated elements, but absolutely had to reflect the opinions of the court and ministerial circles. Stated in a bald, unqualified form, this is extremely

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Bourénin

misleading, though of course not utterly devoid of truth. The Russian press is not as free as that of England, or France, or even Germany, but it is not as "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in" to fears and rigid rules as has been represented. In other words, it is not without character, independence and influence.

The metropolitan press is not subject to "preliminary censorship," as a rule. That is, the editors are not required to submit the matter intended for publication to the censor for approval; they are at liberty to publish anything they please, assuming the consequences of such exercise of judgment. There are various penalties for the publication of news or comment objectionable to the government—suspension, permanent or temporary, being the severest, and prohibition of street sales or of the printing of advertisements being the milder ones. But while the Government watches the press with vigilance, it is sufficiently imbued with the modern spirit to tolerate a large measure of freedom of discussion and judgment. Some subjects must be handled with extreme care, but the number of those which must be ignored entirely is limited. Thus the Finnish question had to be considered only from the standpoint of the Government; criticism of the series of measures of which the Finns complained was not even attempted, except in Finland, where a paper was suspended for attacks upon the Government. One St. Petersburg monthly, the *Rousskoie Bogatstwo* (Russian Treasure), ventured upon mild expressions of regret and disapproval, and although the censor did "pass" the article—being in the category of the periodicals subject to preliminary censorship—it was nevertheless suspended for three months.

On the other hand, the discussion of questions of foreign politics is as unrestricted as in republican countries. The Russian papers have boldly and strongly advocated, not Russian intervention in the South African War, but the utilisation of Great Britain's difficulties as Russia's opportunities. England, they have asserted, has always obstructed Russian expansion, and it is a national duty to strike a blow wherever possible while the attention of the "traditional rival" was absorbed by the African problem. The *Novoye Vremya* (The New Time) has urged action in Persia and the Persian Gulf, while other papers and writers have proposed the occupation of Herat and the

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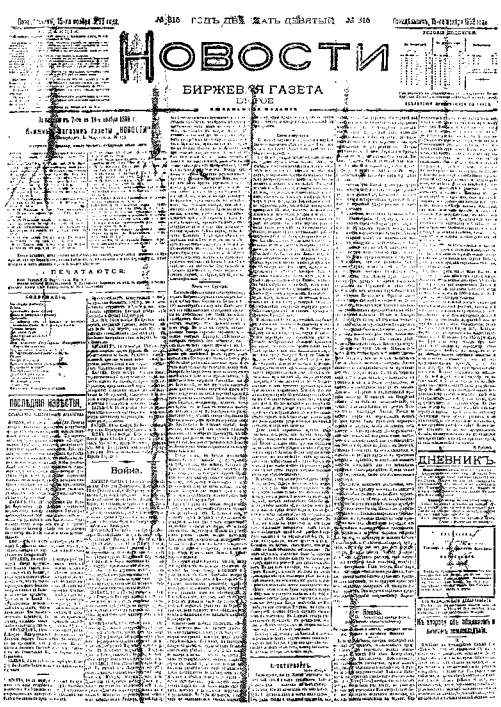
extension of the Central Asian Railway to that "key to India." Foreign writers have concluded that the Government inspired these utterances for purposes of its own, but this was perfectly gratuitous. The Government saw no necessity for muzzling the press with reference to this subject, grave as it is, and allowed the editors to air their opinions and those of representative correspondents with the same freedom as is enjoyed in Western Europe.

An example still more striking is afforded by the treatment of the French conflict between the Republican allies and the Nationalist and Anti-Semites and Monarchists. Notwithstanding the important fact that France is Russia's "junior partner" in a political combination of the utmost value to both, certain papers, with the *Novoye Vremya* at their head, have been permitted to assail the Brisson and Dupuy and the Waldeck-Rousseau ministries with ferocity and venom; to deride and denounce the French Senate while it was sitting as a high court of justice and trying alleged conspirators and treasonable plotters; and to defend and laud those who were openly making war upon the Republic.



Отдѣльный №—10 коп.

№ 13 1900 г. Четвергъ, 17-го Февраля.

ГРАЖДАНИНЪ

ГАЗЕТА-ЖУРНАЛЪ ПОЛИТИЧЕСКІЙ И ЛИТЕРАТУРНЫЙ.

Выходитъ два раза въ недѣлю—по воскресеньямъ и четвергамъ.

ГОДЪ XXIX Редакція: Спб. Гродненскій пер., д. № 6. ГОДЪ XXIX

СОДЕРЖАНІЕ: Рѣчи консерватора. — Маленькія мысли. — По поводу мыслей Г. Ромера о «Будущемъ дворянствѣ». — Законъ 1889 года. — Наша печать.— Иностранное обозрѣніе.—Вслухъ.—Блинъ.—Третій полъ (перев. романъ).— Иностранная хроника. — Столичная хроника. — Москва и провинція.—Отовсюду.—Дневники.—Новыя книги.—Объявленія.

Слѣдующій номеръ газеты-журнала „Гражданинъ" выйдетъ въ четвергъ, 24 февраля.

ГОСУДАРСТВЕННАЯ КОМИССІЯ ПОГАШЕНІЯ ДОЛГОВЪ

симъ объявляетъ, что по случаю истеченія 21 декабря 1899 г. (2 января 1900 г.) срока купоновъ отъ 4½% облигацій Общества Ивангородо-Домбровской ж. д. 1-го выпуска 1882 года выдача новыхъ купонныхъ листовъ на 18 лѣтъ съ купонами со срока 18 іюня (1 іюля) 1900 года по 20 декабря 1917 г. (2 января 1918 г.) и съ талонами будетъ производиться до 18 іюня (1 іюля) 1901 года въ обмѣнъ на талонъ истекшаго купоннаго листа, а послѣ сего срока по предъявленіи самыхъ облигацій: въ Государственной Комиссіи Погашенія Долговъ, С.-Петербургской и Варшавской Конторахъ Государственнаго Банка; въ Берлинѣ— у гг. Мендельсонъ и К°, въ Правленіи Учетнаго Общества и въ Нѣмецкомъ Банкѣ; во Франкфуртѣ на Майнѣ—у гг. М. А. фонъ Ротшильдъ и Сыновья; въ Лондонѣ—въ отдѣленіи Русскаго для внѣшней торговли Банка; въ Амстердамѣ—у гг. Липманъ, Розенталь и К° и въ Брюсселѣ—у гг. Бамбергеръ и К°.

French publicists could not understand why the Russian Government endured this campaign of insult and outrage against its ally and friend, but the answer is undoubtedly that, absolute as the Russian Government is, it has too much respect for the "spirit of the age" to reduce the press of the country to a state of servile dependence and insignificance.

These general observations are not irrelevant to the subject of the paper, for they enable the American reader to form some conception of the conditions under which Russian journalism is carried on. The political influence of the great newspapers is by no means slight, though the language in which internal questions are discussed is academic and so vague as to be incomprehensible to the uninitiated. The art of using words to conceal thought, of writing "between the lines," has reached perfection in Russia. There are well-defined parties, with different programmes, and the controversies between them are sharp and even violent, yet none states clearly its own position or that of its opponent. Broadly speaking,

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there are three great parties, each having its organs. There are the Conservatives, with the ultra-reactionaries as one of their wings; there are the Liberals, with whom must be classed the opportunists and time-servers; and there are the advanced Liberals with Radical proclivities—and it should be understood that in Russia Radicalism is really another name for Socialism.

Ask any Russian to describe the political creed of the *Novoye Vremya,* and he will be at a loss to determine in what class to put it. It sneers at Liberalism, and professes to despise the dominant doctrines and institutions of the West; but exactly what does it seek to conserve? Some time ago, in welcoming a newly appointed Minister of the Interior, it criticised some of its contemporaries for expressing the hope that a new policy would be adopted in that department. Policies and programmes, said the *Novoye Vremya,* were superfluous and even mischievous, and had no place in Russian politics. This is a characteristic utterance, and it was attacked in the liveliest manner in the Liberal and semi-Liberal papers. The *Novoye Vremya,* despite the indefiniteness of its principles, is to be classed in the Conservative group. It is intensely national, and though a defender of the privileges of the nobility, it professes to be democratic and devoted to the popular welfare.

НОВОЕ ВРЕМЯ

As this paper is quoted abroad more than any other, perhaps, and is sometimes referred to as "official," merely because of its dogmatic and aggressive tone, it may be described first. The publisher and real editor of the *Novoye Vremya* is A. C. Souvorin, who is still active and vigorous despite his advanced age. He acquired the paper in 1876, and has made it an important factor in Russia's political life. Even the Radical journalists and publicists, not excepting the magazine reviewers—and in Russia a wide gulf has separated the monthlies from the dailies—find it impossible to ignore him. He is regarded as a trimmer and time-server who readily adapts himself to circumstances and changes his views with as little compunction as the parliamentary politician of the West, whom he affects to despise. We who have watched the "evolution" of the yellow and sensational press in this blessed republic have grown somewhat callous, and are not likely to be shocked by the charge preferred against Souvorin, but we must bear in mind that in Russia the idealistic conception of the press still prevails. It is an open question here whether journalism is a trade or a profession; but the Russian journalist would deem it an insult to be suspected of looking upon his calling in the light of a "business." Journalism to him is almost sacerdotal, and the publicist is the consecrated guide and counsellor of the people, scarcely less exalted than a priest.

Curiously enough, in Souvorin's own paper this lofty doctrine of the mission of journalism is often solemnly expounded, though (a few of the lowest sheets excepted) no organ of Russian opinion violates it more unceremoniously than the *Novoye Vremya.* Souvorin is a man of literary culture; indeed, we may observe here, in passing, that the prominent journalists of Russia are all men of education and real talent. He has written two or three fine plays and some novels, and he possesses a forcible and interesting style. The editorials are unsigned, in this respect the Russians departing from the French models, which they otherwise faithfully copy; but Souvorin writes "Little Letters" for his paper on the topics of the day, exhibiting a wide range and familiarity with the diverse activities of his own and other countries. He is fond of controversy, and is

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not scrupulous in his polemics, and his signed "letters" have often got him in hot water. His letter on the late strike of the students of the St. Petersburg and Moscow universities, in which he indulged in irrelevant moralising on the importance of education, and urged submission to the rules and methods resented by the students as humiliating to their dignity, caused his paper to be boycotted officially by several literary, scientific and economic associations.

Souvorin is the head of a large publishing house, and he has done not a little for national education by his cheap library of standard literature, foreign and national, and in other ways. His paper, judged by external tests, is unquestionably great. It is large, replete with well-written matter on all sorts of questions, and anything but colourless. He has regular correspondents in the various European capitals, and he is enterprising enough to send special representatives to the remote Russian possessions in Central Asia and the Far East. During the Hispano-American War the *Novoye Vremya* was represented in the United States by an able and highly intelligent correspondent, whose letters on the people, manners and customs of the country, as well as his reflections on international politics, attracted much attention.

Of the men connected with a daily paper but few have opportunities of becoming known to the public. Three or four of the *Novoye Vremya* writers have earned some distinction. One of Souvorin's oldest staff men is V. Bourenin, a poet and critic of note, who started out as an advanced Liberal and subsequently abandoned and repudiated his early opinions. What Bourenin's political and social principles are, neither his friends nor his enemies appear to know, but he is a literary pillar of the Conservatives, and never wearies of heaping scorn and ridicule upon the Liberals and Radicals. But where only questions of artistic and literary taste are involved, Bourenin's judgment is sound and authoritative, for he is a man of parts, and has been a student of ancient and modern literatures for many years. Some of his work for the *Novoye Vremya* is unsigned, but his critical feuilleton, generally devoted to new Russian productions, is a highly attractive feature.

Another feuilletonist of the paper is F. Boulgakoff, whose function it is to keep his readers informed of the notable literary happenings and developments of Western Europe. He is a critic, but exposition, rather than appreciation, is the object of his essays. Among the political writers on the *Novoye Vremya* the most conspicuous is N. Engelhardt, who treats of economic and fiscal questions, and who has written much on the "burning" question of the growth of "capitalistic industry" in Russia—a phenomenon which has caused the rise of a powerful school of Marxian Socialists, a school which objects to all attempts at artificial stimulation of such native historic institutions as the village *mir* (commune), and would remove all obstacles to the full triumph of capitalism, on the theory that this industrial system is a necessary stage in economic evolution, and must be passed by every progressive nation on its way to Socialism. This writer has devoted much attention to the present condition of Russian agriculture, the decline of the landholding nobility and the struggles and prospects of the peasantry.

Indefinite in everything, the *Novoye Vremya* is unfortunately too definite in

РУССКІЯ ВѢДОМОСТИ

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its Chauvinism. Its hatred for foreigners is implacable, and in Jew-baiting it hardly yields to the French Nationalists. Once the Germans were its pet aversion, and now the British have become the target for its fire. They are represented as Russia's natural enemies, and as the enemies of all non-Anglo-Saxon nations. But the language employed against real foreigners is sweetness itself compared with that used in the paper's persistent attacks upon the Jewish population of the country. Its anti-Semitism is so blind and deep-rooted that it colours absolutely every opinion or judgment expressed in its columns, even in relation to non-political subjects. The truth of this is demonstrated by its treatment of Rubinstein, who died a Christian, but whose conversion the *Novoye Vremya,* inconsistently enough, appears to resent, though it professes to desire the assimilation of the Jews, and also by its absurd depreciation of Antokolsky, the fine sculptor whose art has received high praise from all other European and Russian critics.

Before proceeding to the characterisation of other papers, it should be stated that one of the remarkable events in recent journalistic history in St. Petersburg is the secession of a number of *Novoye Vremya* contributors and the establishment by them of a new daily paper, called *Rossia.* This journal is to be less opportunist, less fanatical and jingoistic, and more considerate of human rights. It is too early to attempt a delineation of its physiognomy.

The chief Liberal organ of St. Petersburg is the *Novosti* (The News), edited and published by O. L. Notovich, who is a Jew. The anti-Semites always speak of the *Novosti* as a Jewish organ, but there is nothing in the paper's policy, direction and contents to justify this imputation. It has not a tithe of the influence which the old *Golos* (The Voice) exerted, and, in truth, since the suppression of the best of all Russian newspapers years ago, the progressive elements have not had an organ of commanding ability and power. But the principles of the *Novosti* are exactly the same as those of the still regretted *Golos,* and nearly all its leading writers are distinguished Russian publicists. Notovich, like Souvorin, is an author and playwright. Three or four of his pieces have been presented with considerable success at the principal theatre of the capital. It may be interesting to note that only a few weeks ago Notovich's adaptation of Dickens's *Pickwick Papers* was produced at St. Petersburg and voted a distinct achievement. Art is becoming more and more cosmopolitan, but that the Russians should enjoy and applaud Pickwick and his companions on the stage—a treat denied to those who speak Dickens's tongue—is somewhat remarkable.

The veteran literary critic, Skabichevski, and the veteran art critic Strakhoff, authors of standard works, are among the contributors of the *Novosti,* and only a few months ago one of its ablest staff writers, Miknevitch, a journalist of the best type, died in harness, as it were. Cesar Cui, the eminent Russian musician and composer who spends most of his time in Paris, and who has almost become identified with the French musical school, writes *critiques* for the *Novosti,* and some time ago he contributed a series of articles on Wagner (just then produced at St. Petersburg), which reminded one of the savage assault of Mr. Rowbotham over a decade ago in one of the English magazines. Cui denied either rhythm, melody or harmony to Wagner, though he deigned to praise one or two of the earlier operas. Other contributors to *Novosti* are V. V. Verestchagin, the famous painter; P. D. Boborikin, the veteran novelist; D. L. Mordofstrev, the eminent critic and publicist; A. A. Isaieff, the economist, and N. Minky, the poet and critic. Cesare Lombroso occasionally contributes original articles to the paper, and they are translated from manuscript. Camille Flammarion also sends it occasional articles.

Only one other St. Petersburg daily requires to be mentioned, the *Viedomosti* (Gazette), edited by Prince E. E. Ukhtomski, a younger man, whose paper is deemed official because of his various offices under the Ministry of the Interior and his high connections. Prince Ukhtomski has travelled much in the Far East, and in Asia generally, and he believes that Russia has a special mission in that part of the world. He is always try-

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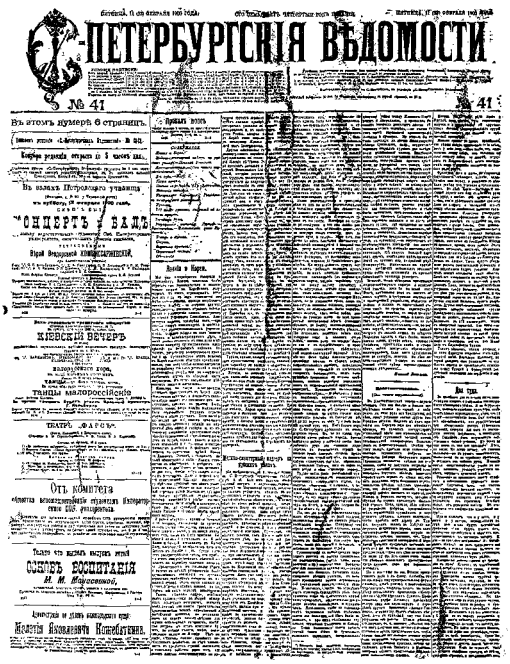
ing to convince China, Japan, Afghanistan and Persia that Russia, not England, is their true friend; that Russia is tolerant and kindly and capable of aiding them without violating their respective traditions and national peculiarities, whereas Great Britain is haughty, supercilious and intensely selfish, bent upon the ruthless extermination or "assimilation" of all the races and peoples that are unfortunate enough to fall under her sway. Prince Ukhtomski is rather liberally disposed, but he is not admitted into the fellowship of the humbler Liberals. He assumed charge of the *Viedomosti* only a few years ago, and while the paper has been rehabilitated and improved, it has not as yet made a distinct place for itself. His chief assistant, his "first tenor," to use the expression of a rival journalist, is Vladimir Holmstrem, who writes leaders on international and national politics and diplomatic subjects. The American public has had a taste of this journalist's quality in the two articles he has contributed to the *North American Review*—one on the identity of Russian and American interests in China, and the deplorable consequences of an Anglo-American alliance; the other on the South African War. Mr. Holmstrem fortified himself in each case by the endorsement of his princely chief, and it is somewhat strange that articles so introduced should have excited so little interest.

There are other newspapers in St. Petersburg, but their importance being *nil*, it is not necessary to speak of them. Perhaps it is well to mention Prince Mestcherski's *Grajdamin* (The Citizen), once a daily, now a bi-weekly. "My paper—it is I," this prince might well say. It represents nobody but himself. It is ultra-reactionary, and not only defends the nobility, but lays down principles which, if they mean anything, mean the restoration of the institution of serfdom. Mestcherski has distinguished himself by favouring even more rigorous supervision and control of the press by the Government than is now exercised. Whips do not satisfy him; he demands scorpions for his fellow-publicists. Yet Mestcherski has shown unexpected sanity in some cases, and has often rebuked Souvorin for his bigotry and inhumanity.

I ought to note also, by way of throwing a strong side-light on Russian journalism, that a new daily, the first number of which was issued the 1st of November last, has been received with delight by the best Liberal leaders. It is called *Severny Kourier* (Northern Courier), and bids fair to play a part of some moment. Its *profession de foi* unmistakably places it in the category of the enlightened and progressive. Yet nothing could be more academic, abstract and vague than the glittering generalities in which this new organ expresses its guiding principles. It tells its countrymen that at the foundation of its philosophy it posits the "idea of the unity of European civilisation, a unity not inimical to national independence." It defines its principal object as the "conscientious and impartial study of Russian life, and the consideration of it in the spirit of justice and fairness." It promises to be the faithful exponent of the progressive aspirations of the more responsive part of Russian society, and to promote the extension of autonomy and self-rule. Curiously enough, the editor-in-chief of this paper is another prince, Bariatinski. His salutatory and a leader on "The Increased Complexity of Life" stirred up considerable comment, and Mestcherski signifi-


ПЕТЕРБУРГСКІЯ ВѢДОМОСТИ

№ 41

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cantly announced that he had "understood" what the articles were trying to convey.* Prince Bariatinski promises to avoid the habitual tricks and methods of Russian newpspaper polemics, which means that he will not indulge in insinuations and charges of political heterodoxy and radicalism against his opponents.

Moscow has only two newspapers of national reputation and influence, the *Moskovskya Viedomosti* and the *Rousskya Viedomosti* (Moscow Gazette and Russian Gazette). The former is Conservative in the extreme; the latter is Liberal in the most comprehensive sense. The former has greatly declined since the death of Katkoff, the most forceful and influential editor Russia has ever had. Under Katkoff the *Viedomosti* was a power which many feared and few ventured to offend. He was more royal than the Czar, more absolute and imperial, and he never hesitated to denounce writers as dangerous and traitorous members of society. He boldly criticised the Government for insufficient severity in dealing with the supporters of the revolutionary movement, and he held every Liberal who sighed for parliamentary institutions personally responsible for the terror and the use of physical force. The paper adheres to the Katkoff traditions, but it is not as aggressive as it used to be. The men connected with it carry little intellectual and moral weight. The editor and publisher of the *Moskovskya Viedomosti* is V. Gringmut, and his most prominent contributor is L. Tikoniroff, an ex-revolutionist who was pardoned by the Czar and permitted to return from exile. Those whom he once led have in him now the bitterest enemy and harshest critic.

On the other hand, the *Rousskya Viedomosti* is highly respected as perhaps the most intelligent newspaper published in Russia. It is always spoken of as the "organ of the professors of the Moscow University," and it is edited and largely written by them. It is high-minded, dignified, well informed and impersonal. It does not strive to become "great" in the sensational and commercial sense of the term, and its circulation is limited, but it is treated with special deference. Its editor and publisher is V. Sobolevski.

As was explained at the outset, the Liberal or semi-Radical newspapers and periodicals cannot and do not expound their political doctrines in plain, intelligible language. The reader has to infer their programme and principles, and he does. No secret will be betrayed by saying that the Liberals desire representative government, political liberty, a free press, and genuine local autonomy—in fine, everything which distinguishes the "effete West," whose institutions the Conservatives abhor and despise. It follows that the Liberal papers cannot fill much space with discussion of internal affairs, for they can neither condemn existing arrangements nor set forth the advantages of those they would like to see established. In truth, all discussion of domestic topics is colourless and perfunctory. This was illustrated a few months ago in a peculiarly instructive way.

St. Petersburg was in the throes of a financial stringency. Stocks and bonds of all kinds were tumbling, interest rates were reaching dizzy heights and firms were failing. The newspapers were full of reports, explanations and speculations concerning the monetary crisis, and were discussing the possible means of relief with much animation. The Minister of Finance suddenly appeared on the scene with a long statement proving that there was no cause for fiscal disturbance; that the national treasury was in splendid condition and the volume of circulation larger than ever; that the national credit was good, and that only a few speculative banks and companies had been guilty of reckless inflation and were suffering the natural consequences. The Minister stated that he had no objection to sober consideration of fiscal questions, but that alarmist articles about a non-existent crisis were mischievous and to be deplored.

The newspaper clamor ceased instantly. The *Novosti* had an article next day on the "Termination of the Flurry," though the situation in the market had undergone no change. But the Minister had said, "There was no crisis," and the editors could not contradict him. Some pre-

*These articles were promptly resented by the government, and the paper received its "first warning" for its "pernicious tendency." The ministry of the interior, like Prince Mestcherski, had "understood."

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served silence, others began to minimise the extent of the depression. The stock quotations did not agree with the reassuring articles, but no one ventured to point out the discrepancy. Two weeks passed, and mild articles about the depression again found their way into print.

This episode suggests the query, What do the Russian papers print generally? The answer is, A great deal of foreign news. The Russian reader knows everything that occurs in England, France, Austria, America. He is intimately acquainted with the affairs of Roumania, Servia, Greece, Portugal and Monaco. In most papers the "leader" deals with some foreign subject—a speech in the British Parliament, the racial troubles in Austria-Hungary, the Spanish monetary troubles, and what not. Criminal trials are reported at length, and such "safe" topics as educational reform, agricultural banks, the need of capital to build up Russian industry, and the Russification of Poland are always available. Popular science, literature, the drama, music and art receive much attention, and history is a favourite study. The Russian journalists feel that the "past is secure," and they never weary of reviewing and re-reviewing the events of former days.

In appearance Russian newspapers resemble the Continental ones. The art of telling and magnifying news in headlines is unknown, or neglected. Columns of despatches on the first page record the foreign happenings, and no despatch has even a one-line caption. The domestic news are given either in letters from other places or in a long chronique, without the slightest attempt at display.

The interview is also unknown to the Russian papers. This is obviously due to the political conditions, but it might be introduced in departments other than political. The feuilleton is, however, a popular and prominent feature. Each paper employs several feuilletonists, and suitable contributions from occasional correspondents are used as feuilletons.

The "circulation" of the papers is small. The *Novoye Vremya* boasts of the largest—about 33,000, while 10,000 is considered a good circulation. This is scarcely surprising, since illiteracy is the rule and literacy the exception, save in the great cities. Over 75 per cent. of the recruits cannot read or write, and recruits are twenty-one years old. Peasants, labourers and small merchants do not read newspapers, which are published for the comparatively small educated class. The style, owing to this fact, is generally good, though a few so-called "street sheets" are wretchedly written.

The earnings of the journalists are necessarily scanty, but the old feeling of contempt for them on the part of the magazine philosophers and economists has almost disappeared. The august "authors" appreciate the power of the daily press and are glad to use it. Still, for a decade or more there has been absolutely no progress in Russian journalism. The political and literary stagnation has naturally been reflected in that mirror of life—the daily paper.

V. S. Y.

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THE NEW LEADERS IN AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION

IV The Typists: McCarter, Yohn, Glackens, Shinn and Luks

Some one has facetiously indicated the unfamiliarity of the obvious, yet the recognition of the obvious is, in its truthful succinctness, the selection of a type. We have gone so far away from nature, have become so conventionalised and over-cultured, that the primitive and natural refuse to be seen and the essential is no longer apparent. Now and then an artist arises who has the rare faculty of perceiving the obvious, and he promptly excites the comments of exaggeration; he is said to be either (by the unknowing), in the vernacular of the day, a freak or (by the too appreciative) a genius. Let us hope that he is neither the one nor the other, but simply conclude, what is really the truth, that he has planted himself upon his own convictions and accordingly has exercised the conceit of his individual expression rather than followed the traditions of his forbears in art. He, the typist, is the eternal pioneer in art who transcribes the life about him in his own particular and definite way, not caring, perhaps, to be hailed as a genius any more than he likes to be dubbed a freak. For if a radical, he is radically right in his directness and simplicity, and surely to him, of all followers of art, the badge of sincerity belongs.

No one, however, would call the work of Mr. Henry McCarter radical; it has far too much *aplomb* to come under such a head, but it may be said to typify essences, for it is far and away from the conventional and academic. Its tendencies refuse to be localised by reason of the varied expression his delicate insight and broad execution obtain for him. Unlike most typists, he does not so much suggest a pronounced individuality as he conveys a pervasive identity, a conscious medium of nature and life. Mr. McCarter began expressing himself as an illustrator when a boy student at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, the *Century* and the *Magazine of Art* accepting his first work. While studying at this institution, he was the pupil of Thomas Eakins, and in a later course of instruction in Paris he came under the influence of Rixens, Bonnat and Alexander Harrison. The *Lourdes* of Zola was the beginning of his important book illustrations, and another to which he brought a peculiar sympathy of subtility and mysticism of beauty was the poems of Paul Verlaine, to which he furnished the notable drawings. Mr. McCarter seems essentially equipped for the pictorial interpretation of poetry; he has the most sentient appreciation of both delicacy and strength and a love of nature that is almost archaic. To these qualities he adds a psychology of beauty that is vividly real, and through them all he gets the dramatic and forceful with still a persuasive grace and elusiveness. Most of Mr. McCarter's recent work has appeared in *Scribner's Magazine,* and it has embraced a wide interpretation. His method of obtaining effects is largely a matter of eclecticism; he will employ a line as abrupt and quaint as a Japanese etching; or to procure a more intimate result, he will stipple his design with infinite detail. Whatever he does is performed in the manner that suggests its peculiar characteristics, its physiognomy of type, and with a serenity and poise that insures its permanence. Mr. McCarter is a colourist of exquisite clarity of tone, the value of which is apparent in his black and white medium. He has executed some mural decorations that perhaps more truly represent him than do his illustrations; these, however, are not so much a matter of public opportunity as the drawings which are widely circulated in book and magazine form. The interchange of colour work with drawing certainly gives tonal value to the less sensitive art, although Mr. McCarter does not find the transition an easy one. A large panel for a Philadelphia drawing-room is the latest commission which he has done in colour. The sketch portrait of Mr. McCarter which accompanies this text was a rapidly executed poster-study of the artist by Mr. Sergeant Kendall, whose clever work in portraiture has attracted many noted subjects to his easel.

Mr. F. C. Yohn has the picturesque

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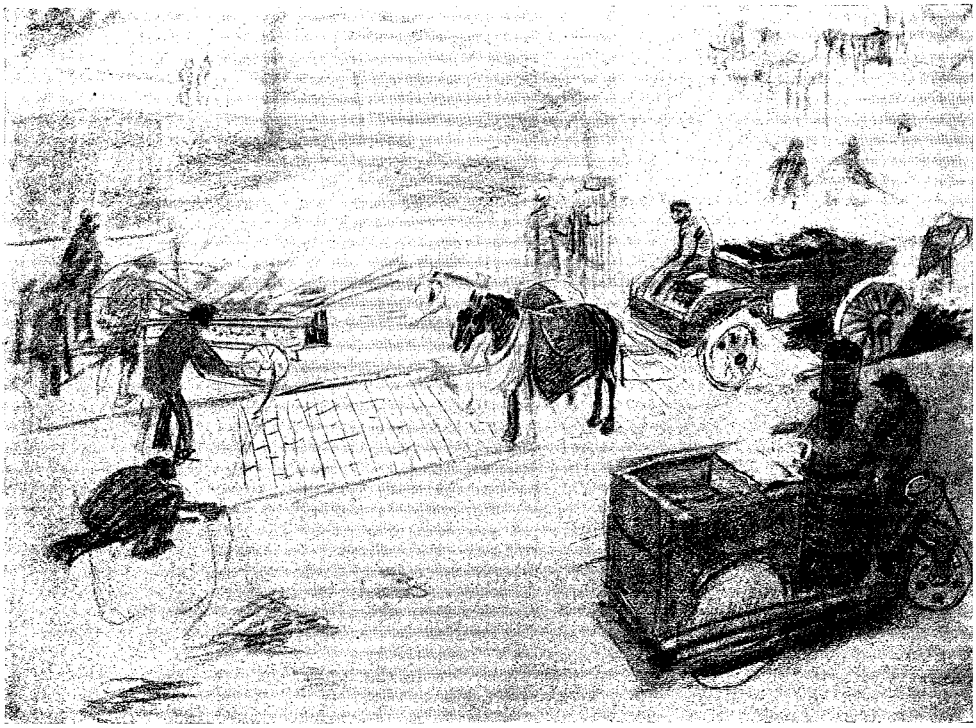
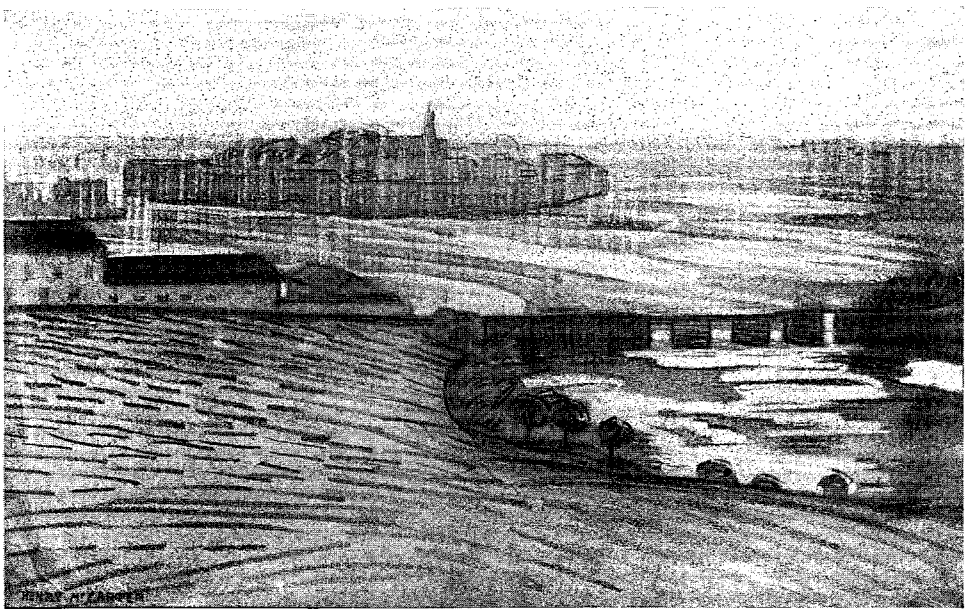


STREET REPAIRING. PASTEL SKETCH BY HENRY M'CARTER.

qualities of Mr. McCarter with exceptional vigour and dramatic boldness. His military compositions have suggested him as a successor to De Neuville, for, like all the successful illustrators, Mr. Yohn expects to make his career permanent as a painter. As a draughtsman of no uncertain power, he has been before the public



MT. ST. MICHEL, BRITTANY. DRAWING BY HENRY M'CARTER.

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POSTER SKETCH OF HENRY M'CARTER. BY SERGEANT KENDALL.

some five years, making his début when a youth of nineteen in the pages of the Harper periodicals. He had come from his home in Indianapolis to New York to study at the Art Students' League, where he was a pupil of Mr. Siddons Mowbray. He very shortly found that a career had opened for him in the leading magazines as an illustrator. His work was of such singular merit that he was selected to supply the drawings that accompanied the frontier sketches of Theodore Roosevelt, and the opportunity to further establish himself in the art world came in the closely following commission to contribute most of the drawings for Mr. Cabot Lodge's *Story of the American Revolution,* which he did with a series of stirring compositions. To prepare himself for these drawings, he went to Chickamauga Park, where a large number of soldiers were stationed in preparation for the Cuban war purposes. These battle pictures, although appearing in the pages of a magazine to elucidate a text, were almost individually notable and distinct. They belonged to the story, but they existed as independent pictures, nevertheless. His most recent work has been the Cromwell drawings for the Life which the Scribners are publishing, and for which Mr. Yohn has spent the past year in England, making studies and drawings on the ground. Mr. Yohn's ultimate purpose is to paint battle pictures, but in illustrations he prefers to do character work. It is the soldier type, however, that has so far identified him—the massing of men in violent action, the individual tensity or movement, or the isolated drama of a solitary figure with the grouping in the background. In this he is particularly happy in effect, making the story-telling quality of a picture easily felt in his composition, and projecting his motive with admirable appeal.

The work of Mr. W. J. Glackens does not suggest any one so much as it does itself; it is distinct and decidedly radical in its purport and inception. He may not altogether please the general public, but he has won the unstinted appreciation of his confrères in art and of those who value originality and forceful thought. In the estimation of Mr. Henry McCar-

MURAL PANEL. BY HENRY M'CARTER.

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ter, he is the first of illustrators from the American standpoint; and the art editor of *Scribner's* has made his work a feature of the past year in the magazine's pages. Mr. Glackens early set out to be a revolutionist in art. A Philadelphian by birth and residence, he was sent to the Academy of Fine Arts at that place, but he determined that he did not believe in art schools, and he quickly turned his back on that estimable institution. After that he went abroad, not to study, but to visit the galleries of Europe and to see life. His association with Paris convinced him that its art schools were worse than ours, and he merely lived there to study its street scenes and types. When he returned to this country, he made sketches and drawings for the *Herald* for a time, until magazine commissions took him away from newspaper art. The McClures sent him to Cuba during the war with Spain, and have used his illustrations to other material. Mr. Glackens seeks for

MOTHER AND CHILD. STUDY BY HENRY M'CARTER.

STUDY BY F. C. YOHN.

the expression of an idea, for the depiction of life in all its teeming naturalness, and the treatment of his subject is not considered. Truthfully and tersely to transcribe what he sees and to make his pictures a real definition and record are the ends of his aim. Mr. Glackens says that the old masters were the only ones who really knew how to draw, and that the present-day artists have nothing to say in their work, but spend their endeavours in a struggle toward an effective expression. He says that the academic tendency is so universal that when one goes boldly and directly to express an idea he is at once assailed as clumsy. While he himself works rapidly, he is often dissatisfied with the results he obtains, and will sometimes do a drawing over seven or eight times before he will use it. His types are often the growth of an idea. Most of them he finds from street observations, using a model only for the actual drawing. He wants to do "big work," he says—portraits and mural and church decorations. He considers Whistler and Manet as the great artists of this century, and esteems Du Maurier for his real values and originality. Charles Keene and Raffaelli he also warmly admires.

Mr. Glackens's short but important career before the public as an illustrator, who is above all a painter, has been almost

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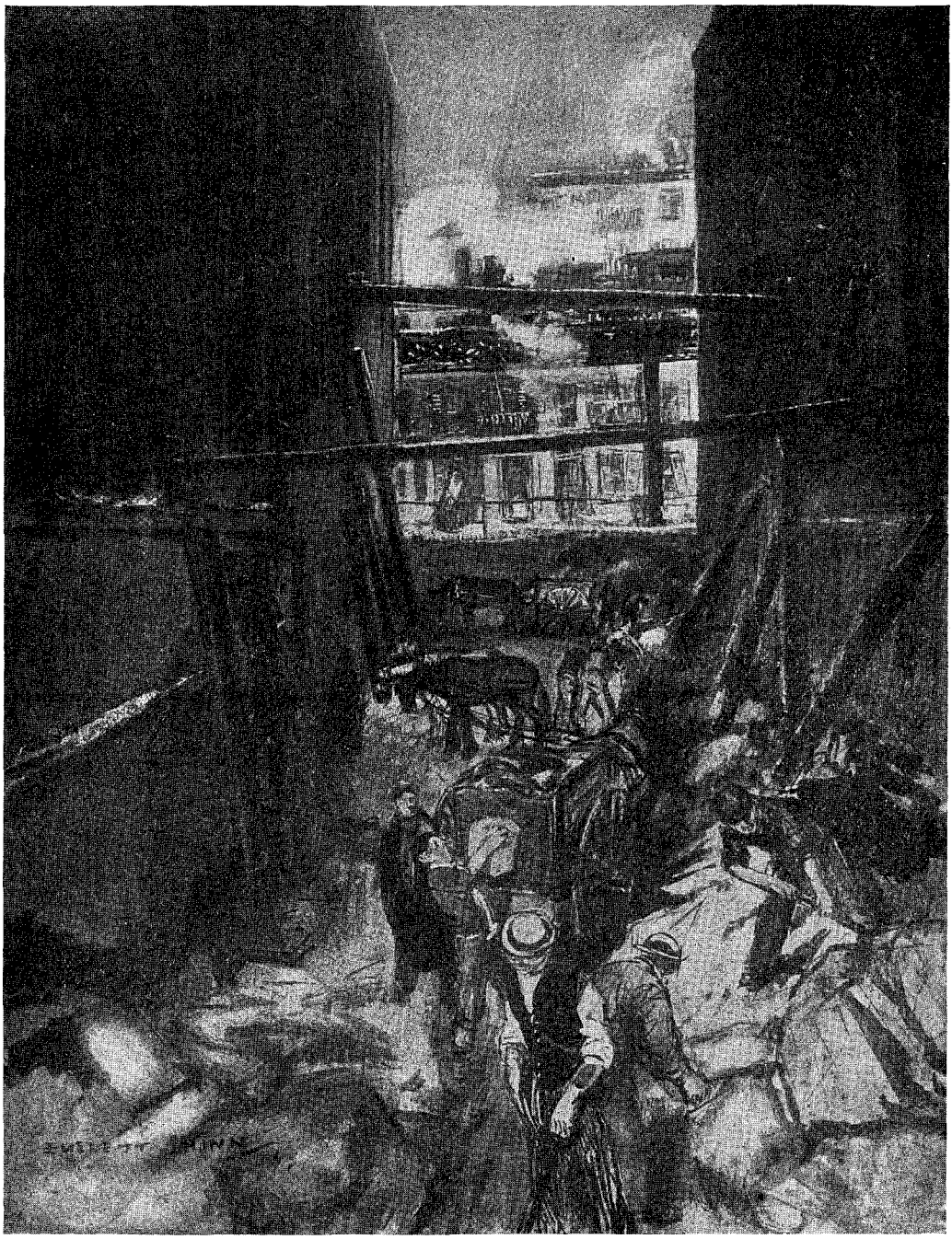

STREET SCENE. BY EVERETT SHINN.

similarly experienced by another young artist of the same school and tendencies, and with a power quite remarkable. Mr. Everett Shinn may have had the usual difficulties and preparation that seem to be part of the schooling of an artist, but in New York, at least, he had simply "arrived" before he had been heard of to any extent. His recent exhibition at the gallery of Boussod, Valadon and Com-

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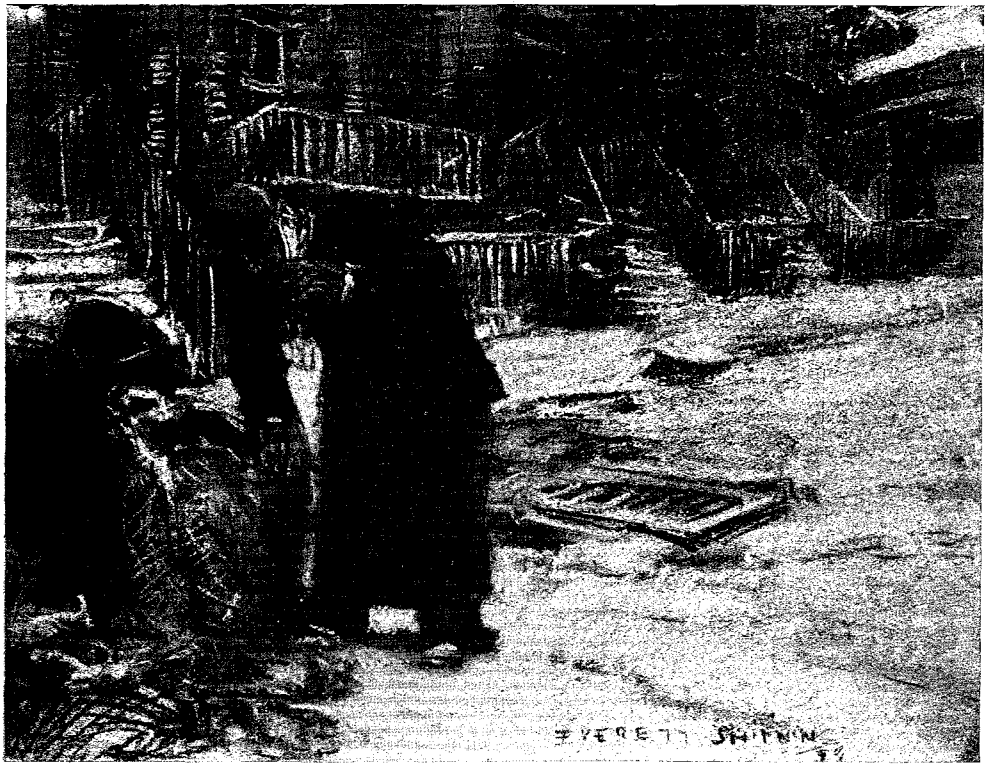
pany, where he exposed a number of pastels representing mainly street scenes of the metropolis, was one of the most attractive exhibits of the season, and as an individual showing, it stood comparison with like exhibits of several years past. As most of these pastels were sold to publications for illustrations their consideration is not irrelevant. In them Mr. Shinn seems to have had his finger on the pulse of the town, the current of life that seethed in the streets and alleys by night and by day. They are full of the vibrant quality of atmosphere and a strenuous grasp of life. Like Mr. Glackens, this young impressionist makes a direct attack on the essential, and gives little care to the manner of expressing it, being a careless draughtsman, but possessing a technical facility that is more likely to run away with him than to guide him to surer and saner methods. Mr. Shinn is a native of New Jersey, and what little art instruction he enjoyed was obtained at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. For a while he did newspaper illustrating on Philadelphia papers, and some two years since he came to New York and did drawings for the local press. He had exhibited some

W. J. GLACKENS. BY EVERETT SHINN.



RAGPICKER. BY EVERETT SHINN.

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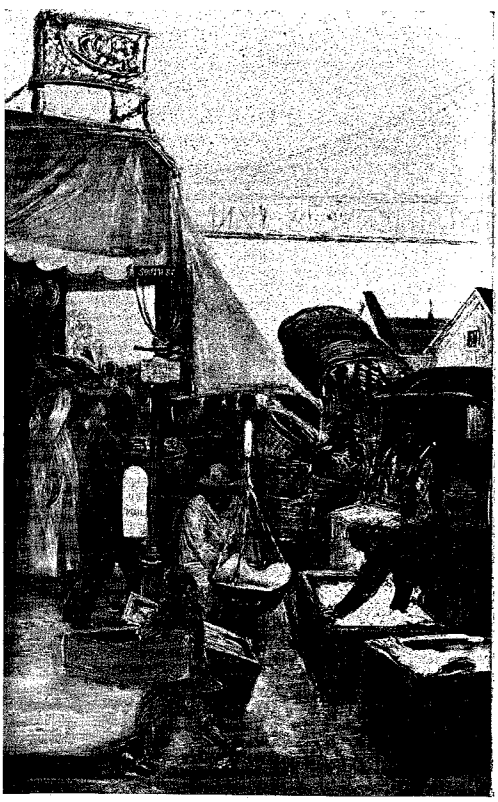
EAST-SIDE CHILD. STUDY BY GEORGE LUKS.

pastels at Philadelphia which had induced enthusiastic comment, and it was not until a few months ago that he offered his work to the magazines of this city. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder saw some of the young artist's pastels, and although none of his work had appeared in any periodical, she had the courage to follow her own estimate of ability and the unusual insight to anticipate results, by arranging with him for special work for the *Critic*, and she further sanctioned her own opinion by announcing the unknown draughtsman as one of the features for the ensuing year. Mr. Chapin of *Scribner's* was also one of the first to accept his work. This uninfluenced recognition of peculiar talent from two prominent sources seems worthy of record, in order to set forth the gratifying assurance that the talent that is worth while is sure to be substantially encouraged by some one. Mr. Shinn's honours have extended to representation in all of the leading magazines for appearance during the coming year, and the Boussod, Valadon Company have arranged with him for a sojourn abroad to make pictures of the street scenes and typical life of Paris exclusively for their trade.

Mr. George Luks is still another radical worker in art; and with the same independence of thought and method that distinguish Mr. Glackens and Mr. Shinn, both of whom regard his art with unqualified enthusiasm. Mr. Luks has the same disdain for art schools as had Mr. Glackens, and the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, where he began his studies, did not retain him as a pupil very long. The schools of Paris and Germany suffered the same indifference at his hands, with the result that Mr. Luks has little or no academic training to speak of, and that little he accounts of no bearing on his methods or intentions. He is a natural draughtsman, however, and the charm of accuracy and poise distinguish his work. He, too, prefers being known as a painter, using his palette with a riotous disposition of tone. Mr. Luks sees nature with warmth and vitality, and his work is full of light and shade, unlike Mr. Glackens's, who considers high lights vulgar, and who uses mostly the flat tints. Mr. Luks is a nomad in actuality, saying that he



SOUTH FERRY MORNING SCENE. BY GEORGE LUKS.

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would rather travel than do anything, and his art partakes of the same wandering spirit of unrest. He has visited most parts of the world and sought the life that is virile and natural. Most of his work has been of the city types. He has done newspaper drawing and caricature, posters and legitimate illustration, all of which he considers incidental to his career as a painter. The children of the East Side attract him, and through the fruit carts and local stands he procures an entertainment for them that engages their unaffected friendliness and consequent ease as unconscious models.

It has only been very recently that any one has had the temerity to suggest an American School of Art, or rather a truly American tendency in art. The placard of a European, and especially a Parisian, following has been the certificate that has been most prized and applauded in this country. In the direct and free tendency of the typists, however, there seems to be a hope that we may soon say, "We have changed all that," by becoming independent and free and untrammelled by foreign tradition. The persuasive charm and eclectic treatment with which Mr. McCarter presents his theme and the stirring vigour and dramatic interest with which Mr. Yohn invests his versatile compositions, and the sincerity and actuality that Messrs. Glackens, Shinn and Luks impose in their vibrant expositions of the masses of life are truly American in their originality and treatment. The obviousness of a native art is surely beginning to be recognised.

W. J. GLACKENS. BY EVERETT SHINN.

Regina Armstrong.

BAL BULLIER. BY W. J. GLACKENS.

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ADA NEGRI

In 1892 there appeared in Milan (Fratelli Treves) a small volume of poems entitled *Fatalità,* by Ada Negri. Two years later this little book had reached its sixth edition and had aroused such general interest and enthusiasm that from all sides arose the question, Who is Ada Negri?

Her friend, Sofia Bisi Albini, another Italian author, in a short preface to the poems, had given the public the little there was to tell of the personality and the life of the young girl who so suddenly emerged from obscurity into widespread fame.

Ada Negri was born of poor parents on February 3, 1870, at the little town of Lodi, not far from Milan. Her mother worked in a factory. At eighteen Ada Negri left the "damp hovel" in which she had spent her childhood of care and poverty, in order to take a position as school-

ADA NEGRI.

teacher in the lonely village of Motta-Visconti, on the Ticino, which is "not reached even yet by the wheels of a train." She lived there in a miserable house; to reach her room, one had to cross a wide, muddy courtyard, on which the stables opened and where the geese were splashing, and then to climb two steep flights of worn brick steps. Her window-panes were not of glass, but of paper, and the box that contained her books and that served her as a divan was her most elegant piece of furniture.

Only in the evenings, on her return from the school where she had been teaching seventy or eighty dirty boys and girls, could she give herself up to the enjoyment of reading and writing poetry.

At that time she had read very few modern books, but she knew of them all from the various contradictory criticisms she found in the literary reviews, and it was remarkable what a correct judgment of them she formed merely from the praise and blame of the critics. She had never been to a theatre, but had a great enthusiasm for Eleanora Duse, and her one wish was to see her act. She got all her information from newspapers and periodicals, a whole bundle of which, almost all that are published in Italy, came to her every week, bearing the Milan postmark, from an admirer who never let her know his identity.

When Ada Negri's first volume of poetry was written she had never seen the sea, nor did she know the mountains, nor even the hills and lakes, nor had she seen a large city until the summer of 1892, as she had up to that time merely passed through Milan from Porta Ticinese to Porta Romana, when she went to Lodi to spend her vacation with her mother.

Here is her own account of one of these visits at her old home:

SO I SEE IT ONCE MORE.

So I see it once more, this humble dwelling,
My mother's dear, neat chambers, where one day
I lived a child. Oh, how my heart was swelling
With hopes when, rich in dreams, I went away!
So I see it once more, this humble dwelling.

White bed where once I slept 'neath snowy cover,
My pretty knick-knacks and beloved flowers,
Sweet memories of bygone Aprils hover
Among ye, speak of sunshine and of showers,

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White bed where once I slept 'neath snowy cover.

* * * * *

Mother, here in the silence, near thee kneeling,
Caressed by thee, I feel a child again;
Let me pour out my heart to thee, revealing
Its overwhelming sadness and its pain,
Mother, here in the silence, near thee kneeling.

* * * * *

A breath of peace is from above descending;
Throbbing with golden stars, the heavens glow;
The wind is hushed, the flowers in sleep are bending,
In silence hushed is every human woe;
A breath of peace is from above descending.

Her old mother, amid hardships and privations, had thought of nothing but how to earn, by the work of her own hands, the means for giving her daughter an education, so that she might become a teacher. The daughter repaid her for this sacrifice by the most tender affection, and whenever she writes of the blessedness of work and of man's stern duty to eat bread in the sweat of his face, the image of her old mother rises before her.

During the summer of 1892 some friends had persuaded Ada Negri to stay with them in Milan for two days, and it was indeed a new life that then opened wide before her eyes in the great populous city at the season when the races and exhibitions made it especially brilliant. For the first time she saw all the charm of luxury, beauty and elegance, and art made an overwhelming impression upon her at the Brera.

Two dream days! the whole slender figure vibrated, the big black eyes burned as in a fever, so that her friends asked themselves if they had not done wrong in showing her that which she could not enjoy for a longer time.

She returned to Motta-Visconti to put on her wooden shoes again; she returned to teach her eighty noisy, hard-headed children, but she no longer knew how to be quiet and resigned in her obscure lot.

But since this report of her early years was written, the young poet's life has changed very much. Donna Emilia Peruzzi, the widow of Ubaldino Peruzzi, to whom Florence owes a large debt of gratitude, took such a lively interest in Ada Negri's poems that she induced the magistrate of Florence, after the death of the young Neapolitan poet, Giannina Milli, to award the honorary stipend which she had formerly received to the poor teacher of Motta-Visconti; that meant the sum of 1700 lire ($340) a year for a term of ten years. Nor, once having become famous, was Ada Negri left in the position of a primary teacher; she was called to teach literature at the Scuola Normale Gaetana Agnesi in Milan, a sort of seminary for fitting young girls to become teachers. She had the comfort then of having her mother live with her. About two years ago she married a rich manufacturer, and consequently gave up the Milli stipend. Her present name is Signora Garlanda.

About two years after she first became known in Italy she published a second volume of poems, entitled *Tempeste,* and the French critic, Ernest Tissot, tells us in an article on Italian literature in the November issue of *Cosmopolis* for 1898, of a rumour that she is at present engaged in writing a third volume, which is to bear the title *Maternità.*

It seems that no collection of poems has ever had so large a sale in Italy. They have also been translated into German by Fräulein Hedwig Jahn, and published by Alexander Duncker in Berlin, and have spread very rapidly all over Germany.*

Paul Heyse, the well-known German author, wrote an article on the young Italian poet for the *Deutsche Rundschau.* It appeared in the December number of 1894. He translated seventeen of the poems himself and rendered in masterly fashion the wonderful simplicity and the fervent spirit of the original. He says:

> Here is a young poet who in two years has come to a sixth edition in Italy, where it is still less necessary to buy books in order to be considered up to the mark than it is in the land of poets and thinkers. The book is a small volume of lyrics of two hundred and fifty pages—by no means lyrics of the latest style—lyrics not half Heine, half Baudelaire, flavoured with the fashionable perfume of the demi-monde, to which is added a slight breath of decay, but lyric confessions of a strenuous, pure, virgin soul, and yet possessing such

*A Russian translation of them has just come out in St. Petersburg.

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charm that immediately after the publication of these first verses Italy greeted the author as her most eminent living poet—truly a phenomenon that gives reason for thought and wonder.

A few years ago Ada Negri's name was known only to the readers of the *Corriere della Sera* or the *Illustrazione Popolare*. In these papers there appeared from time to time poems that stood far above those commonly used to fill up the gaps of political newspapers —poems throbbing with a strong, passionate heart-beat, a tone of real, not of rhetorically artificial pain and of deep sympathy with the suffering of the poor and the wretched; then, again, others filled with a longing for freedom, love and beauty.

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

Dreamest thou not of thy faraway land?
Dreamest thou not of its yellowish sand,
So sunny and bright?
Of golden and level, unlimited space?
Of bold, neighing horses that jubilant race
In buoyant delight?

When thou art shaking thy beautiful mane,
When, pawing the ground with impatience in vain,
Thou art champing thy bit,
When wildly and loud thou art neighing, like fire
Deep down in my bosom a burning desire
Is suddenly lit:

Knowest thou not that I long for the strand,
Infinite stretches of hot, golden sand
Without limit or bound?
Come, on thy lithe, sturdy back let me leap,
Galloping fast as the wind, let us sweep,
Devouring the ground.

Far from the mist in the meadow below,
Far from humanity, vulgar and low,
Far, far away flee.
Break through the tangle of thorns in the vale,
On at full gallop through woodland and dale—
A king thou and free.

Crushing the flowers where we trample the ground,
Leaving behind the abyss, with a bound
O'er the torrent we fly.
Though long our road, ever onward we must,
If even we both should be thrown in the dust,
My charger and I.

Oh, roseate flames of the westerly sky,
Oh, visions of palm-trees, majestic and high,
Mirage on the sea!
Low elegies sweet of Arabia, meseems,
O'er the greenish horizon, like far-away dreams,
Are wafted to me.

Sparks fly about as we tear o'er the plain,
Gallop, my Ahmed, for naught can restrain
Our fiery race.
Toward the unknown, gallant charger of mine,
All I defy if but freedom divine
Blow full in my face.

It seems to have been the thought of her own and her family's wretched lot, and of the scenes of misery, constantly before her eyes, together with the "indomitable flame" within her breast, that produced in Ada Negri the particular mood which is the keynote of all her poetic outbursts.

FATE.

A figure, awful to behold, austere,
Stood by my bed last night.
The dagger at her side filled me with fear,
Her eyes flashed down at me with scornful light.
"I am Misfortune. Hear,

"Thou shrinking child, where'er thou mayest be
I'll never leave thee—nay,
Through thorns and flowers, to death I'll follow thee,
Even in the void beyond near thee to stay."
I sobbed: "Away, away!"

She firmly stayed, and from me would not go.
She spoke: "'Tis thus decreed.
Pale flower of the cypress, of the snow,
Of crime and of the tomb, poor human weed,
Above 'tis thus decreed."

I rose and cried: "But it is hope I crave
To make my young days bright,
In thrills of love exultingly to rave,
I want the kiss of genius and of light!—
Oh, go, oh, go away!"

She spoke: "He who creates in suffering's night
Alone sees glory's day.
'Tis pain that teaches thoughts their highest flight—
For him who bravely fights is victory."
I slowly answered: "Stay!"

It is perhaps the vivid record of her personal experience that explains the unusual impression her verses made on all classes of Italian society. The educated and the rich are not wont to listen to the violent outbursts of the every-day socialistic Muse, but here a high-minded girl, full of all the ideals of humanity, had been inspired with the deepest sympathy for the disinherited, for those who have no happiness, no hope, and she had, without a thought of causing political agitation, given the most stirring expression to her feelings, while, at the same time, all the more subtle, the more tender chords of her woman's soul were touched.

THE DEFEATED.

Yea, there are hundreds, thousands, millions more,
Unending hosts there are.

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The serried ranks are muttering like the roar
Of thunder from afar.
* * * * *
Covering, imprisoning me, they press around,
Their hoarse breath fills my ear,
Their long-drawn sobs and sighs—oh, woful sound—
Their blasphemies I hear.

"We come from houses where no fire glows,
From beds where rest is not,
Where, broken, tamed, the body slowly grows
Accustomed to its lot.
* * * * *
"And we sought faith that to ideals cleaves,
Alas! we were betrayed;
And we sought love that hopes and that believes,
Alas! we were betrayed.
* * * * *
"An iron snake the steam-train thundering winds
Through towering mountain-wall,
And industry is summoning arms and minds
With warlike trumpet-call.
* * * * *
"And we are useless!—Who has thrust us, who
On this stepmother earth?
Who has denied us every wish we knew,
Yea, from our very birth?

"What unknown power with hostile hand does reign
And will not let us free?
Why does blind fate cry out to us: In vain?—
The world's defeated, we!"

Here was a proletarian who showed herself of the purest moral nobility, a social leader in the strife, who never cared to strike a theatrical attitude, who had an open eye for every elemental charm of nature and at the same time the strength to resist the seductiveness of false show, who preferred the simple, swarthy workingman to the wealthy Adonis, and who in sisterly compassion fell upon the neck of the grimy street urchin in anxious apprehension for the future of the perverted orphan that had no one to protect and to guide him.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

The shuttles fly, the thread is caught; with glee
I sing: My eighteen years,
A loom, two handsome eyes that know no tears,
A cotton dress, a love, belong to me.

When I untie my red braid and a lock,
Like copper, flashes bright,
Through eyes that look at me there shoots a light
And hearts are thrilled by an electric shock.

Yet I unheeding pass the tempters vile,
Laugh at their flattery cheap,
All, all my kisses for my love I keep,
The world I'd give him for a single smile.

I love him—master of the forge is he,
A king his tools among;
Handsome, tall, muscular, robust and strong,
Beside him but a child I seem to be.

When I have seen him at the anvil stand,
Lit by the firelight,
Beating a red-hot bar with all his might,
His bare neck swelled, a hammer in his hand,

My pride in him to ecstasy has grown,
All else beside seems small;
He is my demon, he my god, my all,
I want him for myself, myself alone!

When in my attic-room I wait for him,
And precious minutes flee.
Suspense with cruel clutches throttles me,
A stinging pain runs through my every limb:

Now—on the stairs approaching footsteps fleet—
The door is opened—and,
Though pale my lips, despite my trembling hand,
To fly toward him I have wingèd feet.

Though black with smoke, his eyes with ardour shine,
Tired, yet with smiling face,
He presses me in passionate embrace,
And his strong heart is beating against mine.

The overwhelming pathos of her declarations of war against the enemies of true humanitarianism stands out in striking contrast with the simple notes, at her command, whenever her soul opens to the magic power of nature, or to the breath of a sentiment of love.

SNOW.

On fields and streets below
In wildly whirling flight
Falls noiselessly and light
The snow.

The white flakes dance their best
In heaven's hall on high,
Then, tired, down they lie
To rest.

On roofs and chimneys steep
That wrapped in silence stand,
On graves and gardenland
They sleep.

And all is peace profound:
Lost in oblivion quite,
The world lies still and white,
Snowbound.

Infinite calm supreme
Descends from heaven above,
And of a slumbering love
I dream.

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*STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE**

By JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER XIII.

The spring of 1864 came and passed, the summer's sun mounted into the heavens and shone bright and hot. Nature and man seemed intent on covering and removing as quickly as possible all traces of the disastrous storm that closed the year 1863 and ushered in 1864. Twisted and broken trees sent out new sprouts, which quickly shrouded the staring scars and wounds. The balmy south loaned new songsters to lurk in thickets that had risen again from where, on that fateful night, brush and briar had been beaten against the earth. The prolific rabbit had multiplied until once more its tracks were seen in the dust of the pike, and the traveller even caught glimpses of a timid young rabbit in the path before him. The dove and the yellow-hammer, during the cruel cold spell following the storm, had left their haunts and sought the barnyard to sit in huddles upon the fence, and feed with the farmers' fowls about the feet of domestic animals; but now again the one walked with nodding head in the pike dust, while the other pecked and thumped merrily upon the topmost bough of the dead beech in the forest. Nature in the flush of summer had forgotten the painful touch of the dismal winter; and when in the early spring men gathered the scattered rails and rebuilt their fences, cleaned up the broken timber and burned the useless brush and limbs, they too lent a hand in the great scheme of repair ushered in by the lengthening days and strengthening power of the sun's rays. Before the month of May had passed, scarcely a memento was left to tell of the hurricane that brought distress and disaster to a continent. Still, an occasional reminder could be found imbedded in the luxuriant grass near Stringtown; bleaching bones that but for the storm of New Year, 1864, might yet have been flesh-clad, were familiar to the sight.

I stood beside Cupe in the valley of a meadow; a weather-worn skeleton cumbered the ground at our feet. Through the strewn ribs crept the heads of a bunch of young ironweeds. The vine of a wild potato threaded the eyes of the bleaching skull; the long grass fringed about and pierced through and through the articulated vertebræ; a shin-bone with hoof attached moulded on the sward. I gave the shin bone a push with my bare foot, and a swarm of ants, uncovered by the act, scampered from beneath; each with a white larva in its mouth. I laughed aloud and beat the frightened insects with a stick; the moist earth became a pulp of struggling limbs and bodies mixed with loam, and under the rain of blows the slaughtered innocents were lost in common ruin.

The black man seemed not to observe the act; he gave no heed to my multi-crime, but vented his meditations in monologue as follows:

"De cou't am not fo' niggers, case niggers ain't white. Ef a white man am drunk an' a fool, he kin sw'ar away de life ob a nigger; ef a nigger am sober he ain't got sense nuff 'cordin' to de cou't ter tell what he kno's. What's de youse ob Cupe goin' ter cou't, an' tellin' de truf 'bout de will ob Ma'se? Cupe am a nigger, an' Dinah am a nigger too."*

"Dinah saw your master sign his name to the will," said I.

"But she am a nigger, an' et don't make no diff'ence what she saw; she am brack, an' de cou't don't take her nigger talk."

"Ain't it funny about that money?"

"Dah ain't nuffin p'culiar 'bout et. De witches an' sperrits wah out dat night. Fo' de Lawd, when Cupe go fo' de doctah de ebenin' ob de storm, de gol' wah all in de chist. When de constuble take p'session ob dat chist nex' day —dah warn't nuffin ter be seen."

The old negro leaned over and gazed intently on the object at his feet. He rested one foot on the skull, and whispered: "Dah ain't no youse in fightin' Prov'dence; de sign say dat de gol' wah fo' de gearl, an' will er no will et am fo' de gearl. Chile, chile, de sperrits what make de sign kin carry 'way de gol'.

"Ya, ya," he added, in a hoarse whisper, "es easy es ter pint ter what's cummin' ter-morrer; an' gloomy am de sign what pint ter Cupe an' yo'!"

*Negroes were permitted to testify in Kentucky if negroes only were concerned, but in cases where the interest of whites were affected they were excluded.

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He intent on his soliloquy, I absorbed in listening, alike were oblivious to the approach of two men on horseback who, leading a third horse saddled, but riderless, having entered the field from the woods road, neared our position. A stick snapping beneath the hoof of one of the horses caused me to raise my head, but the noise appeared not to attract the attention of my companion. The old negro did not raise his eyes from the face of the skull, but in a monotonous undertone said: "Dah am troub'l fo' Cupe an' yo' too, boy; et am in de air an' am cummin' fas'. Tole Dinah ter take good care ob de Susie gearl when Cupe am gone, an' Sammy Drew, yo *look out fo' de Red-Head Boy.*"

Having ridden to within a few steps of us, one of the men alighted, produced a legal paper, placed his hand on the shoulder of Cupe (who now for the first time gazed in his direction) and said: "By order of the Court I am commanded to arrest you, Cupid Hardman, and secure your person in the county jail."

Old Cupe made no reply. The sheriff pointed to the empty saddle. The black man's stolid face gave no evidence of emotion; unmoved, he repeated his former words in a low tone.

"Tole Dinah ter take good care ob Susie, an' yo' *look out fo' de Red-Head Boy.*" Then he slowly mounted the horse. No other word was spoken. The three turned and rode away, leaving me alone in the meadow, with the skeleton at my feet.

CHAPTER XIV.

Motionless I stood over the dismembered skeleton. Forgotten was the soliloquy of the aged negro, out of mind his story of the past. To a child the name of the law is sacred; in a boy's mind an officer of the law stands exalted, above and beyond the ordinary human. Slowly the three men on horseback receded in the distance, while I gazed at them with hand-shaded eyes. Their horses walked with downcast heads through the long meadow grass, but when the fence that bounded the woods road was reached and the bars were "put up" a brisk pace replaced the walk, and soon the figures disappeared. Neither of the men cast a look backward; not even when waiting for the dismounted officer to replace the bars did Cupe give a glance in my direction. Just before their forms vanished in the shadows of the drooping beeches a melodious howl arose in the distance—a cry that one who has heard the notes of a Southern darkey's dog can appreciate—and all was still again. Then, and not until then, did I move, but as the three passed into the depths of the forest I turned and followed a sheep path that led in the opposite direction—across the meadow, around the neck of a tangled thicket, through a woodland pasture, where, mounting a slight hill, I came within sight of a log cabin that rested on the slope beyond the summit. Bare and desolate, the trunk of a tall, shell-bark hickory tree, with top broken off fifty feet from the earth, stood near by, a relic of the New Year storm! A square enclosure in the garden behind the house was marked by a group of little mounds, on one of which, shaded by a cedar tree, the grass was younger and of a brighter green than on the others; these were the most conspicuous objects about the cabin. Taking no especial note of such things, I stepped upon the threshold.

An aged negress, her head bound in a red bandanna handkerchief, sat inside, with a child on her knee. She was combing the long, yellow locks of the little girl, at the same time singing in a rasping tone a weird ditty that only persons reared by or among the blacks could have understood. An unseen, barefoot boy, I stood silent, looking at the two figures; but my shadow striking across the floor caused the old woman to turn quickly.

"Cum in off dat doah sill! What fo' yo' dare do sech a fool ting es ter cum ter a fr'en's house an' stop in de open doah? Yo' bring troub'l on de fam'ly suah by sech actin' up."

"Yes," I said, "there is trouble, Aunt Dinah."

"Cum in off dat doah sill, I tole yo' an' took a cheer. Don't make de troub'l worsah dan it am, ef dah am troub'l on yoah min'."

I entered the room and seated myself on a shuck-bottomed chair.

"Now fo' yoah troub'l. What am it?"

"Cupe has been arrested."

The old negress dropped her comb and gazed at me in wonder.

"Spoke a'gin, chile."

"Cupe has been arrested."

"What fool stuff yo' gibin' me? What fo' should Cupe be arrested? De chicken house am full ob fowl, de pastah am alibe wid sheep an' pigs, de turkey talk all day ter de grasshopper, an' de guiney-hen cry 'pot-rack, pot-rack' all night 'roun' dis cabin. De bar'l ob flour an' de meal sack am full, an' de fat sides an' de hams am drippin' grease in de smokehouse. What moah do any nigger wan'? What lyin' fool wah et who arrest Cupe?"

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"The sheriff of the county."

"Lawd! Lawd! but wah it not de constable?"

"No, it was the sheriff."

"Fo' de Lawd, de case am ser'ous, suah! De sheriff don't trabel 'bout cotchin' niggers what grab a chicken fo' de toofache."

Gradually the gravity of the case dawned upon the mind of the old crone, but only to increase her incoherent wrath. She engaged in a tirade of abuse, questionings and jabberings in which the sheriff, the law, the liars (unknown), who had defamed Cupe, and lastly poor old Cupe himself came in each for a full share of vituperation.

Finding myself neglected, I turned to depart; but now the negress, quieting her jargon as suddenly as she had begun, said: "Yo' mus' eat a bite, chile. Dinah mus'n' fergit her manners even ef yo' did bring troub'l. Sit a minit an' eat a bite."

"I didn't bring trouble, Aunt Dinah; the trouble came before I saw you."

"Didn't yo' come ter a fr'en's house an' stan' in de open doah?"

"Yes, but that did not make the trouble, for Cupe was arrested before I came."

"Yo' don't kno' nuffin 'bout sech tings an' yo' ain't golified ter speak. De doah sill sign kin work boff ways. Ef a ting es, et es, an' fool yarguments ob pussons what don't kno' de sign's powah can't change de fac's. Didn't yo' stan' on de doah sill, I axes?"

"Yes."

"Didn't de troub'l cum?"

"Yes, but—"

"De sign wah workin' backward, chile; close yo' mouf wid dese wittles."

She quickly placed a dish of honey, a loaf of salt-rising light bread and a glass of milk upon the clean table, and once more I ate in that cabin which it seemed my footsteps could not evade. The girl sat quietly and eyed me; did she remember my former visit? During the repast I gave Dinah full particulars concerning Cupe's arrest.

As I arose to depart Dinah asked: "An' what word did Cupe send ter Dinah?"

"He said: 'Tell Dinah to take good care of the Susie child.'"

Dinah seemed pleased with the trust; then she whispered: "An' what did he say to yo', chile?"

"He told me to 'Beware of the Red-Head Boy,' but I don't know what he meant."

"Yo' will kno' some day, honey; yo' will kno' to yoah sorrer some day."

She leaned over and spoke in a low, guttural tone: "De day ob troub'l am cum'n', an' de Red-Head Boy am mixed in de ebil sign. Cupe read de omen, an' et say dat de Red-Head Boy an' Susie an' yo', chile, am edgin' on ter sartin deff. Et say dat de Red-Head Boy'll die sudden an' dat yo' an' Susie'll be de cause; an' dat yo'll die sudden, an' dat de Red-Head Boy an' Susie'll be de cause."

"And what of Susie, Aunt Dinah?"

"De sign wah monstrous cur'ous 'bout de gearl. Cupe read de omen twice; et wah monstrous cur'ous."

"Tell me about it, Dinah."

"De honey gearl wah alibe suah, but folks looks at her es ef she wah dead. She wah suah alibe, an' she wah dead."

"How could she be alive and dead, too?"

"Dat am what troub'l Cupe. De sign say she am dead an' dat she am gone out ob de worl', but suah she am still alibe. She wah walkin' an' a talkin' aftah de sign pint ter her bein' gone from out de worl'."

I reverted to her prediction concerning myself and my antagonist, the "Red-Head Boy."

"You're fooling, Aunt Dinah; how could each of us boys and Susie be the cause of the death of one another? That cannot be."

"Deed, chile, I ain't foolin', et am de pintin' ob de sign. Et can't be done, yo' say, but de sign say et mus' be done, an' Cupe say et will be done. But de omen say dat befo' de fulfilment ob de spell in de time ter come de Red-Head Boy mus' sit alone in de cabin ob Susie. Lis'en, chile; dah ain't no harm ter come till he sit all alone in Susie's cheer in de night."

Too well acquainted with the superstitions of the negroes to consider seriously this prophetic outburst, I smiled and turned to depart.

The old crone stepped outside the doorway, took me by the hand, and looking me steadily in the face, said:

"An' Dinah say too, *watch out fo' de Red-Head Boy.*"

Stringtown is situated eight miles from the "county seat" of Stringtown County, where stood the county jail. In order to reach this important spot, the traveller from Stringtown follows the Mt. Carmel pike to Mt. Carmel Church, and then branches to the Turkey Foot road, which follows a creek bed four miles to its source. On the summit of this rise stands the village honoured by holding the court-house of Stringtown County.

Like other county seats in Kentucky, at the time under consideration this was subject several times a year to the flow and ebb of a human tide. The tide was high in Court week, but during the intermediate periods stagnation prevailed.

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Let us imagine the time of Quarterly Court, in June. From every section of the county, on the first day of Court week, men on horseback could be seen "going to Court." These as a rule started in pairs, or parties of three or four; but as they journeyed onward the byways merged into main roads and the isolated groups upon them coalesced until, when the village was reached, a steady stream of horsemen came pouring into its main avenue.

In this county seat, even to the very day before Court convened, stagnation ruled supreme. The two grocery stores were open for traffic between Court periods, but attracted none but home patrons; the two taverns were ready for business, but even their bar-rooms were quiet and the long rows of shed stalls adjacent to each tavern were empty, and the horse racks in front of the groceries and the taverns were vacant. The court-house, built like a church, excepting that it was the proud possessor of a second story and four whitewashed round brick pillars in front, stood, the day before Court, with closed eyes; the iron gate was locked, the pepper-grass and shepherd's-purse grew high and luxuriant between the flat-rock paving stones, and the dog-fennel covered the edges and far into the street unmolested even about the long rows of horse racks that bounded "Court House Square."

In the early morning, each hot summer day, a little business was done in each store; the barkeepers found occasion to wash a few glasses and bruise a little mint; the barefooted boy drove his cow to and from the pasture, and a smell of frying ham or bacon and browning corn-bread or biscuit hung at breakfast time about each residence. But as the sun mounted into the sky a universal lethargy settled over the scorching village, and not until the slanting shadows of evening fell did life reappear.

The idle sojourner might spend his time in this lazy village, and between Court periods, even to the day before Court, find nothing more exciting than an occasional dog fight, unless, perchance, it were a quarrel between the owners of the dogs.

Lazily the sun came up and crept through the sky the day before Court; lazily under his beating rays the inhabitants of this sluggish village moved, when they did move; lazily the stray pig meandered along the side of the unpaved streets, picking up an occasional morsel; lazily a flock of gabbling geese waddled through the dusty road seeking the nearly dried creek bed adjacent to the village; lazily the unshaven barkeeper, with closed eyes, sat before the inn on the flat stone pavement in his tipped-back chair. Smart indeed would be the man who could find a creature in this village that was not infected by the lazy sun which, day after day, crept through the sky and leisurely sank toward the earth into the tree tops, glowing a second through the branches, seemingly undetermined whether it were not best to pause awhile upon earth's edge before dropping over and rolling out of sight.

Opening of Court day beheld a change. Bustle in and confusion about the tavern. The long dining-room tables were "set" by break of day; the kitchen stove was red and furious, the negro servants moved as if they actually enjoyed motion; piles of vegetables, a quarter of beef and several boiled hams spoke of the coming feast. The freshly shaven barkeeper, with freshly filled bottles and a pile of freshly cleaned glasses, no longer sat beside the door in the tipped-back chair; he too was ready for action. The iron gates that barred the main entrance of the court-house yard were open and the windows to that "Hall of Justice" were unshuttered. Even the stray geese had moved to other scenes, the wandering pig had not been loosed that morning, and the boy had come and gone with his cow before the sun had risen. The village was awake and the very buildings themselves took on a different air—the residents were in touch with life again and eager for the coming fray. Yes, fray is not inappropriate, for many were the men who have ridden to this court-house on horseback and returned home in an improvised spring wagon hearse; many have been the feuds that, argued in the Court of Stringtown County's capital by the mouths of the lawyers, have been settled immediately after the Court adjourned, in the street by the mouths of pistols.

Men came to Court, antagonists led to enmity by some trifling incident, and grouped themselves into clusters; one clan went to Jim White's tavern, the other went to Jo Sweet's. They stood in separate groups about the streets, and scowled, but did not speak when first they chanced to meet; they visited their respective bar-rooms again, and grew surlier and thought meaner things with each uplifted glass; they growled now when group met group and looked defiantly at each other; another visit to the tavern, and when the antagonistic groups next came together their tongues were loosened, pistols flashed in the sunlight, and another "Case" was made for the opposing lawyers to beat the air over at the next term of Court.

Such was the capital of Stringtown County, and as such was Court week in Stringtown

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County's capital as I look back over the third of a century. In the jam and confusion of that busy week the long rows of horse racks were seldom vacant; the dust of the street seldom settled; the dog-fennel, the pepper-grass and the shepherd's purse were tramped out of existence, and in the tide flow of treading feet that swept over the village, the grocery man and dry-goods merchant, the lawyer and the doctor, the undertaker and the tavern keeper, all, all the townsmen of Stringtown's capital were profited.

CHAPTER XV.

Into Stringtown County Seat from off the Flat Creek road our three horsemen rode leisurely and directed their steps toward the county jail. As they passed along, a boy swinging on a grapevine that dangled from a hackberry tree near the first house by the roadside gave a yell that carried with it the information that only a country boy can put into a wordless cry. Immediately from about and out that house a number of faces peered, some black, others white, and yet aside from the cry of the boy no other voice was heard. Scampering from his place, he ran after the passing horsemen, following their footsteps in the dust; the yell of the boy was repeated as house after house was neared, and a flash of faces could be seen in the windows; an occasional female form, perhaps with broom in hand as an excuse for outdoor appearance, stood motionless on the front porch; a gathering of boys thronged about the heels of the horsemen, and old Cupe, well known to every person of that village, became the centre of attraction.

Time and again had he ridden on horseback into that village unnoticed; but now, the same person in every way, he was stared at by men and women, followed by hooting boys and preceded by snarling dogs, for each boy owned a dog, which, as his young master fell into line, sprang from cover and joined the four-footed advance guard. Thus Cupe, with his snow-white beard, his bleached, woolly pate, his shiny, wrinkled face, his garments of patches of many colours, was ushered to the jail of Stringtown County. The troop of snapping dogs, that included in its membership every species, from a short, bench-legged fice to one gaunt coon hound, moved in front; on either side of the prisoner rode an officer of the law, while behind came the troop of urchins, black and white. The advance guard needed no director; on they went to the blind street that led to the county jail; into this the troop of dogs turned, and simultaneously arranged themselves about the entrance to the jail. Too well did they, dumb brutes as they were, know the ending of the journey of these horsemen. Then, amid the clustering of boys and dogs, the three horsemen dismounted and pressed their way through the gaping crowd. A heavy knocking at the door brought the "Innkeeper," who signed a paper handed him by the sheriff; the form of the black man vanished within the gloomy structure, the two officers remounted and, leading the riderless horse, turned back toward the world without; the boys and dogs scampered after them, and the back street was vacated by every creature—with one exception. The great, gaunt, old coon hound, with lank sides, made no movement when the others departed; he stood with drooping ears and uplifted nose silently facing the door by which the negro had entered. His nostrils sniffed the air, his ungainly tail slowly wagged back and forth, his long, red tongue lolled from between two ivory incisors, and from its tip an occasional drop of spittle fell upon the earth. Motionless he stood with eyes set upon the grim door; and then, closing them, he pointed his nose straight upward, and from his throat a long, plaintive howl arose that, beginning low and weird, reached to a height seldom heard from hound's throat, and then descending died away in plaintive sadness. Again the dog howled and listened; and not hearing a reply, again, louder than before, he bayed the silent door. This last appeal seemed to bring an answer, but one that human ear could not have caught. Turning from his place, the animal crossed the narrow street and carefully selected a bed of thick dog-fennel beneath a clump of wild black-currant bushes, turned "three times 'round," sinking each time lower than before, and then dropped upon the earth and curled himself into a heap, where with eyes closed, his sentinel nose pointing toward the new home of his old master, he lay motionless.

The jailer conducted Cupe to the second story of the jail and halted before one of the back cells.

"Ef et am pert'nent ter de yocasion," said Cupe, "befo' yo' go ter de troub'l ob openin' de doah, de pris'nah 'ud ax a quistion."

"Certainly," said the jailer.

"Fo' some fo'ks dis heah room am all dat kin be 'spected, but fo' me, ef et am de same ter yo', a front room am mo'ah ter de taste."

The jailer thrust his key into the lock.

"Yo' know bery well dat Cupe am not gwine ter make yo' no troub'l, an' he don't ax no—" the negro stopped, put his hand to his

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ear, as if listening to a sound unheard by the jailer—it was the mournful howl of his old hound—then gave a sharp, penetrating whistle, and continued his sentence —"luxury. Ef de front room am empty, et won't cost yo' nuffin mo'ah ter open an' lock dat doah instead ob dis heah doah. A doah am a doah ter de man what opens it, but dah am reasons ter der man what rests in de room fo' wantin' ter be behind one doah instead ob 'nuddah."

"Well, I don't see what's the use of growling at this room," said the jailer.

"De fac' am, Ma'se Kindum," said the negro, quick to observe that in getting a reply he had gained a point, "dat Cupe am not growlin' at de room, but at de place de room sits in. Ef de sunshine an' de moonlight could come inter de room yo' hab s'lected fo' Cupe, dah wouldn't be no sort ob yargyment. But Cupe hab seen de sunshine an' de moonlight all ob his life, an' he don't kno' jes how long a spell he'll be heah. Yo' hab known Uncle Cupe sense yo' wah a chile, Ma'se Kindum; yoah chilluns kno' him too, an' doan kno' no harm ob him need'h."

The jailer withdrew the key, led Cupe to the front of the building and opened one of the two front rooms.

With tattered hat in hand the negro bowed and courtesied as only one of the old black uncles of Kentucky could do, but his profuse thanks were largely lost upon the jailer, who without a word turned and departed.

Stepping to the barred window, Cupe remarked: "De sunshine an' de moonlight am monstrous thin when dese heah winders am considered, an' et am cut inter slices by de iron bars, but Cupe hain't done nuffin ter make him afeard ob light what shine clear in de sky er froo cross bars eider. 'Sides, he wan' ter talk ter his fr'en';" and pressing his sable face against the bars old Cupe gazed intently up and down the street. "Et am monstrous strange," he murmured, "ef Gawge Washington hab gone back on Cupe." Presently his aged eyes caught sight of a weed in the opposite fence corner that, as his voice sounded, began to vibrate as if uniform blows were being struck upon it, and peering at the clump of dog-fennel at its base he made out the curled-up form of his faithful dog, who, with beating tail, raised nose and open eyes, was staring at the face of his master. "Yo' am only a dawg," said Cupe, "but yo' may hab work ter do, Gawge Washington, befo' yoah teef git dull; put yoah head down an' stop yoah tail, an' keep yoah strength ready fo' de time ob need."

CHAPTER XVI.

And thus the jail life of these two friends commenced; one contented outside the bars, chained by love to him within the cell; the other, seemingly not less contented, behind the grating. Loquacious Cupe and howling "Gawge" Washington both grew silent under the conditions of their hard fate. Cupe became sullen and refused to talk concerning his "case"; and all the spirit seemed to have left the dog, who lived on day after day seemingly without food, but only seemingly, for the hound of Kentucky knows how to prowl at night. An attorney had been provided by the Court to defend Cupe, but the old darkey declined positively, although politely, to answer any question or make any statement beyond the fact that "es the Cou't didn't git no 'vice from him ter begin wid et didn't need none ter end wid. Ef de Cou't don't kno' its own business, et ain't fo' Cupe ter teach et."

"But my object is to help you."

"Then, Mr. Lawyer, yo' may es well spar' yoah breff, fo' Cupe don't need no help. He hain't done nuffin ter be 'scused fo', he hain't stolen ner hid no money, an' he don't 'tend ter hab no 'scuses made by lawyers fo' what he hain't done."

"But you admit that the money was stolen?"

"Yo' am de man what say so—not me. Ef Cupe had said de money wah stolen he would help find de t'ief. But de fac's am Cupe don't 'tend ter 'fy Prov'dence. De law am mighty, but de spell an' de sign am mightier, an' yo' kin tear dis nigger's eyes out befo' he will cross de workin' ob de sacred spell. De money am gone, Mr. Lawyer, et am not ter be seen, an' et will stay gone until de sign cum right fo' et ter cum back."

"If the sign don't come right before Court opens, you will go to Frankfort Penitentiary, Cupe."

"Dah am honest men in de penitentiary an' t'ieves loose on de outside, Mr. Lawyer, an' yo' can't make Cupe try ter carcumvent de signs by no sech yargyment es dat."

The days passed. A few weeks would bring the convening of the Court. Not one word would Cupe say concerning the problem as to the disappearance of the money, that much-talked-about gold. At last the perplexed lawyer conferred with Judge Elford, of Stringtown, concerning the case, and that personage made a visit to the jail and appealed to the stubborn prisoner. He was ushered into the cell of his humble friend, who appeared to be very much surprised at the honour extended by the unex-

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pected visitor, but quickly recovering his wonted presence of mind, his first act was to apologise for the barrenness of his temporary residence.

"Yo' mus' 'scuse de poverty ob de s'r'ndings, Ma'se Elford, case de fittin's ob de room am fo' pussons what don't keer fo' lux'ries. Ef yo' had 'nounced de fac' dat yo' 'tended ter call, de conveniences would hab been sech es de yocasion demands."

"Never mind the room, Cupe; I came to talk with you."

" 'Deed, Ma'se, yo' 'sprise de ole nigger; take de cheer."

The judge seated himself in the only chair the cell afforded, and Cupe stood expectant before him.

"Cupe, your attorney informs me that you refused to give him information concerning the lost money. Now you know that I am your friend, and I have come from Stringtown expressly to advise you to tell everything you know about it."

"Yo' am my fr'en', Ma'se Elford, 'deed yo' is, an' Cupe hab known yo' sense yoah mudder held yo' on her knee. When Cupe first saw yo', yo' wah a baby in de arm, an' now yoah hair am white."

"True, Cupid, true."

"An' no man in all dis county ebah say a word ob wrong 'g'inst yo', Ma'se Elford. Yo' am a fr'en' ter Cupe yo' say, an' Cupe say, no better fr'en' could Cupe hab."

"Then, Cupe, do as I direct and befriend yourself."

"An' what do yo' 'vise?"

"Tell your attorney all you know concerning this matter. You are in a serious position and in great danger of going to the penitentiary for life."

"Yo' don't mean it, Ma'se Elford?" and Cupe spoke appealingly.

"Yes, I mean that unless you tell all you know and assist in recovering this money it will be my painful duty to sentence you to the penitentiary."

"Et ain't de pen'tent'ary, Cupe don't keer fo' de pen'tent'ary, it am de sow'ful 'vice yo' gib. What hab Cupe done ter yo', Ma'se, fo' ter make yo' ask him ter steal?"

"Cupe!" exclaimed the astonished man, "I ask you to steal! What do you mean?"

"De money am not fo' Cupe, et am not fo' de lawyer, et am fo' de chile. De spell say so, an' whoever bre'k de workin' ob de spell steal from de poo' chile. Ma'se, yo' memberlec' de day dat Cupe wait on de table when yoah weddin' wah?"

"Yes."

"An' yo' memberlec' when de missus yo' lub wah buried in de earf, he stan' by de grabe wid de strap in his han'. Yo' memberlec' what Cupe say den? Es de pahson read out ob de good book an' close de page an' raise his eyes an' say, 'Earf ter earf an' dust ter dust,' de shadow ob a cloud rise sudden like, an' de great drops ob rain spattah obah de coffin lid, an' dey keeps a-fallin' while de shiney coffin case wah bein' sot down inter de grabe, an' when Cupe rise up from holdin' de head-strap yo' wah lookin' inter Cupe's face. An' den what did Cupe say?"

"Blessed are the dead the rain falls on," replied the man. "I remember very well how you said that to me then."

"An' so do Cupe. An' when Cupe comes ter die, Ma'se, he don't wan' no ebil sign ter follow him inter de tome."

"Of course not, Cupe."

"Ma'se, yo' 'spect ter go ter meet de sweet gearl de rain fell on when yo' kneel in de yaller dirt an' bow de head?"

"God knows I do, Cupe."

"An' what hab Cupe done dat yo' should ax him ter go ter de debbil—what hab de ole nigger done ter yo', Ma'se Elford?"

"Nothing, Cupid—nothing. I know too well your faithful heart to see you suffer as you surely must unless you assist the law in clearing up this mystery, which I firmly believe you can do."

"Ma'se Elford, Cupe kin 'scuse yo' de sin yo' ax Cupe ter do case yo' don't kno' what Cupe kno' an' can't see de ebil ob yoah words; but, de gol' am fo' de gearl, an' ter dat yinnercent chile it mus' go. De spell am workin' out 'cordin' ter de sign, an' ef de law pull Cupe's arm an' leg off, ef et burn de flesh an' scotch de bone ob de ole nigger, no word will he say ter blame yo'. Ef yo' be de jedge ter hab et done, no cry shall cum from Cupe. But when yo' ax Cupe ter bre'k de workin' ob de sacred spell yo' raise de debbil ter burn de nigger's soul. De sweet missus what die wid her han' in Cupe's han', in de long day back, an' a troop ob angels, am on de uddah shore, an' when Cupe lay down an' die, an' his sperrit go ter de shinin' lan', he mus' say ter de angel missus, 'Cupe did his duty by de chile yo' left, an' he stan' faithful by de chile Susie what cum in his place.' Ma'se Elford, yo' am pow'ful welcome in de present 'bidin' place ob Cupe, but ef yo' keer fo' de feelin's ob de ole brack man, don't ax him ter steal money from de orfun chile, don't ax him ter shake han's wid de debbil, don't ax him ter lose de sweet smile

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ob de deah missus what die in de ole mansion ob de long ago. De breezes ob summer am pleasant ter a brack skin, de sunshine feel good ter de wrinkled face, but de pen'tent'ary am cool, an' de nigger am used ter work, an' ef he die in de prison standin' up fo' de right ob de orfun, he will step out ob de prison shade inter de sunshine ob Heaben."

The man of law was abashed and silenced by the rebuke of the unlettered negro. He saw that no living man could influence the fanatical slave. Rising, the judge held out his hand.

"T'ank yo', Ma'se Elford fo' lis'nin' ter de yargyment ob de ole nigger, but et bre'ks his heart ter hab yo' go widout takin' a drink ob milk er a drop ob sump'n'. Howsumebbah, yo' will 'scuse de barrenness ob de yocasion, case Cupe didn't 'spect sech comp'ny."

The judge bowed himself out.

The swift days passed. The entire community became deeply interested in the pending trial. The large sum of money that had disappeared from the iron chest in Cupe's room the night of the hurricane would have been a godsend to the attorneys, and the county as well, could it have been found, for it seemed that the "Corn Bug" had left no legal heir. So Cupe's anxious counsel strove to obtain a confession, apparently for the purpose of saving the negro from the penitentiary, but strove vainly. "Ef de gol' am gone, et am gone, an' Prov'dence don't want no nigger ter put in his mouf," persisted Cupe. The key to the chest had been found on Cupe's person, indeed he did not deny the fact that the gold had been in his charge to the date of its disappearance, but still he disclaimed secreting the money. At last the conviction became general that, realising that his master could not live until morning, Cupe had hidden the gold before he had started for the physician on that fearful New Year night.

Immediately after the visit of Judge Elford his home was sought by the lank village clerk, who stood nearly alone in that he believed in Cupe's innocence, and so expressed himself to the judge. Elford made no declaration concerning his own opinion, but said that his every argument had been used in an endeavour to induce the old negro to disclose the location of the treasure. The judge volunteered the information, however, that Cupe most determinedly resisted every appeal to assist in clearing himself from suspicion of having committed the crime. He shook his head when the clerk asked concerning what might be the result to Cupe in case he remained steadfast.

"The evidence is circumstantial, but sufficient to convict him," was the reply.

"And is there no chance?" asked the self-constituted champion.

"None," the judge replied; "at least," he added, "none that his attorney will think about."

The clerk looked at the man of law inquisitively.

"No," Elford repeated, " none that will likely be thought about." He moved to his bookcase, took from it a well-worn volume, opened it and laid it on his desk. Then, as if in answer to a voice calling him, put his hand to his ear and listened. "I will return in a few moments," he remarked, and immediately stepped from the room.

There was no intimation in the tone of the judge that a connection could be drawn between the legal document he had opened and the case of Cupe. Apparently the book had been taken from the shelf with an object that had no bearing on the presence of the clerk. And yet Mr. Wagner felt that in this book was the clue that Cupe's attorney would overlook and that the judge could not honourably mention. He moved to the open volume, and glanced at the heading of the page. It was a report of a case in the Barren County Circuit Court, but the heading was sufficient for the sharp-eyed and quick-witted clerk, who needed but one glance, and then, before the judge re-entered, stepped back to his place.

No allusion was made by either man to the open book.

"Would you like to visit Cupe?" asked the judge; "you know him well; perhaps you can draw from him the secret, and serve the commonwealth where others have failed."

"Yes," replied the clerk; "I will go in the morning."

Judge Elford sat down at his desk and wrote an order as follows:

"Mr. Joseph Kindum, Keeper of Stringtown County Jail.

"DEAR SIR: You will admit the bearer, Mr. Wagner, to the cell of Cupid Hardman as often as he calls, and permit him to remain with the prisoner each visit as long as he wishes.

(Signed) "J. B. ELFORD."

The clerk bowed himself out, the judge closed and replaced the book, and then sat in meditation. "It is the only chance for misguided old Cupe, who means no harm," he murmured; "God forgive me if I have done a wrong."

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CHAPTER XVII.

A curious spectacle was that of Mr. Wagner, who, after his interview with the judge, made repeated journeys to the prisoner in the Stringtown County jail. Astride of a mule, his long legs nearly dragging the earth, the man of music patiently rode back and forth. The order of the judge gave him immediate access to the cell of Cupe, and his visits were invariably of extraordinary length. Not a little curiosity was excited in the mind of the jailer, who, however, recognising that the order of the judge relieved him from all responsibility, gave himself no personal concern. The tongues of the village gossips naturally were not less active than were their minds; and every morsel of evidence, imaginary or otherwise, concerning Cupe and his secret was chewed threadbare. The case became renowned. A score of "killings" could not have excited the interest which this mystery raised. Cupe was the subject of general comment and speculation, and could he have known the remarks that were made about him he would—providing he was as vain and fond of notoriety as at that time were most others of his race—have been a happy "nigger." Of these remarks, however, he rested in ignorance, occupying his time as best he could between the interviews to which he was subjected by his attorney and the visits of his friend, the Stringtown clerk.

While it is true that his counsel had been appointed to defend him, it was no less true that this same attorney was deeply interested in uncovering the hidden gold. The lawyer's personal fees would unquestionably be greater if he could be the means of discovering the money, and his professional reputation would also be increased. So, at last, after all attempts to induce the accused to unbosom himself had failed, he decided that he would search the garments of the negro for evidence of some description, for, possibly, Cupe had something secreted about his person that might shed light upon the subject. The jailer, on being questioned, said that the only search, so far, had been of the pockets of the old slave, and that nothing was found therein save a knife and some unimportant trinkets. "I will bring a change of garments for the old fool," said the lawyer, "and have the patches of the ragged ones ripped apart."

That afternoon Cupe heard a gentle rap on his door; a key was awkwardly thrust into the lock and hesitatingly turned. The door swung back, and in the doorway stood the youngest child of the jailer, a little boy of eight. "Uncle Cupe," said the child, "the front door downstairs is unlocked, and you can go home." The old darkey patted the urchin's head.

"De sunlight am monstrous sweet, honey, but de shade am slubrous, chile. Who tole yo' ter open de doah fo' Cupe?"

"I jest heard pap and the lawyer talk and say that this would be the last day you would be here, and I thought I would let you out."

"Yo' did, chile, yo' did! an' so it am ter be de las' day! Go back, honey, an' don't yo' nebbah open no uddah jail doahs; keep yoah han' off de key."

"You are goin' to have a new suit of clothes, Uncle Cupe."

"Who tole yo' so, chile? Cupe don't wan' no new clo's."

"Mr. Putter will bring them to-day, and take away your old patches."

"Take de key out ob dat doah, chile, an' hang et back on de hook yo' took it from an' don't yo' say nuffin ter nobody 'bout tryin' ter let Cupe out ob de jail, case yoah pap won't like ter hab yo' tole it. Shet de doah, honey, Cupe am bery comfor'ble heah, fo' de shade am good fo' de 'plexion." The negro again patted the head of the innocent little one and gently closed the door. The key was turned, withdrawn, and silence reigned again in the cell of Cupe, who stood for a time meditatively.

"An' so dey gwine ter take 'way de ole clo's, an fo' what? Dah ain't no youse in runnin' no risk, Cupe; bettah yo' fix de mattah now."

Stepping to the grated window, he cast a glance across the street. "Yo' am in yoah place, Gawge Washington; am yo' ready fo' yoah duty?" The dog raised his head, stood upright and cast a joyful glance at his master. "Stan' still till I tole yo' ter come, Gawge—stan' still."

Grasping the knee of one leg of his trousers with his hand, old Cupe gave a bright yellow patch a jerk that tore it from the brown garment beneath, which, strangely enough, proved to be perfectly sound. Then he opened a slit in one edge of the patch and removed from it a tiny iron key. Yo' is safe now, but yo' will be safah wid Dinah," said he; then he replaced the key in the fragment of cloth and, rolling it compactly, tied the package firmly with a string that was drawn from beneath another patch. Stepping to the barred window again, Cupe spoke to the dog, who, expectant, stood in the position he had assumed upon first hearing the voice of his master.

"Cum heah, Gawge," said Cupe; "yo hab work ter do now; cum heah, yo' houn'." The dog advanced slowly, until he stood with up-

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turned face beneath the little window. "Yo' see dis heah jew'l?" said Cupe, holding the roll beneath the bars; the dog gave a low whine. "Yo' am ter carry it home, Gawge. *Go home wid it!*" commanded Cupe emphatically. He flipped the parcel into the air, and it fell into the open mouth of the faithful friend. "*Go home ter Dinah!*" commanded his master again; and instantly the brute turned about, gave a leap that carried him to the opposite fence, the next carried him over the fence, and then he vanished in the weeds in the direction of Stringtown..

As the dog disappeared the negro turned his gaze diagonally through the grating, and caught sight of the attorney, who had just rounded the corner of the blind street. He was advancing toward the jail, and beneath his arm carried a "store" wrapped package.

"Yo' kin cum in ef yo' wants ter, Mr. Lawyer," chuckled the negro; "de front doah am unlocked, an' yo' needn't knock. Yo' am welcum ter give Cupe a new suit ob clo's *now*. Ya, ya," he chuckled, "yo' am a smart man, Mr. Lawyer, but some smart men am like some dogs, an' can't cotch nuffin. Dey am too slow fo' a coon an' too fas' fo' a possum."

CHAPTER XVIII.

And so old Cupe faced the day of his trial. Obstinately he held to his illogical course to the last moment. Perverse in his determination to make no defence, faithful to his inherited and loved superstitions, careless of the effect his fanaticism might have on himself, heedless of the pleadings and scoldings alike of friend and attorney, with dogged indifference he maintained the position he had taken from the moment of his arrest. The search of his old garments shed no light on the cause of his taciturnity, and when the case was called in court the defence could offer no rebutting argument to refute the strong but circumstantial charge of the prosecutor.

When Cupe was ushered into the court room, Judge Elford, cold and solemn, occupied the chair of justice; the twelve jurymen, mostly white-haired farmers, each with a box of sawdust at his feet, sat owl-like in the jury box; the contending attorneys in front of the judge frowned from opposite sides of a small table that held two piles of books; before the table rested an oblong iron chest, riveted with hammered nails that bound to its side several heavy crossed iron hoops. The hinges of this box were of hand-workmanship, and the massive clasp in front was of hammered iron.

But few witnesses were called in behalf of the commonwealth, and none for the defence. These sat on the front bench, and contrary to Cupe's former assertion concerning "Nigger" testimony, Aunt Dinah, with the little girl clasped in her arms, sat among them. Cupe was conducted to his place in the prisoner's box, and seemed the least concerned of those directly interested in the case. All eyes were turned upon him and followed his every motion, as, indifferent to the gaze of the packed assembly, he threw himself carelessly into his chair, crossed his legs, leaned over and utilised the sawdust box at his feet, then throwing back his head, closed his eyes and slowly chewed the remnant of a leaf of tobacco. Although a prisoner, the old darkey was a picture of contentment, seemingly as much at ease as a man in perfect freedom of mind and void of care might be, his mouth keeping time to his foot that wabbled gently up and down. The case was called, the witnesses were sworn one by one, and as each gave testimony it was evident that until I arose none of them had seen the money. Then the first direct and conclusive evidence was offered concerning this treasure, and for the first time old Cupe exhibited an interest in the proceedings. I knew that my testimony was likely to be harmful to my old friend, and when the sharp prosecutor, having led me to the discovery of the old land deed, next asked if Cupe had exhibited any of the coin, I hesitated. Then it was that the foot of the darkey ceased to vibrate, the closed eyes opened, and before the judge or counsel could anticipate the words he kindly said: "Tole de truff, chile."

A sharp rap from the gavel of the judge was not enough to close the mouth of the old negro, who repeated:

"Tole de truff an' shun de debbil, chile."

And so the story of how I had seen the layer of coin in the trunk was told, the words that could but help to sentence the old man to the penitentiary. One by one the threads of the web had been drawn by the artful prosecutor; the existence of the money was proven, and the facts that it had been in Cupe's charge, and that the box was locked when the key, which had then been used to unlock it, was taken from him the morning of the storm, were also laid before the jury. The astute mind of shrewd old Cupe caught each thread of the testimony; he could not fail to see, when the witness bench was cleared of all except Dinah and the child by her side, that his case was hopeless. Yet he gave no evidence of despair,

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but with half-closed eyes sat as if his part were that of an unconcerned listener.

At last the prosecutor called the name of Dinah Hardman, who arose and advanced to the stand. Wonder expressed itself on the face of Cupe, who mumbled: "Fo' de Lawd, an' yo' don't 'tend ter let dat nigger swore!" This was the view taken by the defence also, for a lengthy argument followed, in which the two piles of reference books were nearly demolished by opposing counsel. At last the judge gave his decision, to the effect that while the case was one in which the commonwealth was deeply concerned, still no white person was likely to be injured or defamed by the unusual proceeding. It was really a case in which negroes would testify on each side, and the Court which proposed to allow Cupe to tell his story would not exclude the testimony of Dinah.

Alas, poor Cupe! Dinah, his faithful wife, corroborated the evidence I had given concerning the incident in the cabin to the very point where I had hesitated, and then she too wavered. It is hard to force a wife to speak the word that consigns her husband to the penitentiary, and even the judge seemed to feel the injustice of the law. He was saved the painful duty of issuing the command, however, for once again the white-haired prisoner interrupted the proceedings:

"Tole de truff, Dinah."

This time the gavel of the judge was laid gently on the desk, and he said kindly: "Speak, Dinah."

And when Dinah had spoken, all doubt concerning the matter was at an end; the gold I had proven to have been in the chest was shown to have been in it to the night of Cupe's departure; the key had been in Cupe's possession from the time the chest was placed in his charge to the time it was handed by him to the constable.

The witness bench was now clear, the case of the commonwealth had been made out, the prosecution rested, and old Cupe's doom was about to be sealed. Nothing the defence might offer could save him from the penitentiary. He remained with head thrown back, his mouth and feet moving in unison, his guileless face as free from care as when he rested on the corn-shuck chair before his cabin door after a hard day's work in the coolness of a summer evening. But more than one eye was moist, for poor, charming, perverse, old, black Cupe had served and favoured many who were present.

CHAPTER XIX.

The closing words of the commonwealth's attorney—"We now rest our case"—came at last. The audience drew a long breath, the jurymen as by a single thought changed their positions, and it could have been observed that a huge plug of tobacco and the bright jackknife of the foreman passed successively from man to man through the jury box and that without exception a liberal slice was cut from it by each juryman, all glad of an opportunity to exchange an old quid for a new one. Several persons in the audience left the room at this point, but remained away no longer than it might have taken them to go to the nearest tavern and return; and in a few moments the lawyer for the defence arose and made his opening speech, markedly brief, in which he lay great stress on the past record of the defendant rather than on the strength of his case.

He admitted to the judge that his only witnesses would be those who would testify to the honesty of the prisoner and to his good character, and, waving his hand over the audience, he added: "I make no distinction in the personality of the witnesses, any of the gentlemen from Stringtown will serve the defence."

His plea for sympathy was admirably expressed, but the exacting judge ruled out all such evidence, stating that the charge against Cupe was specific and that direct rebuttal of the commonwealth's evidence would be necessary. This ruling, certainly anticipated by the counsel for the defence, left him without any defence whatever other than the statement of the erratic prisoner, who might be expected to convict himself rather than prove his innocence; a fact recognised by all, even by myself, the boy from Stringtown.

The prisoner still sat with closed eyes, uplifted face, wabbling foot and working mouth; but that he was not asleep was evidenced when his name was called by the clerk; for, rising, he held up his hand according to rule and was sworn. Then occurred an innovation in the history of that Court, for the judge arose and delivered a terse, unusual address to the opposing attorneys.

"The Court proposes that this witness shall be given the privilege of telling his story in his own way and without any interruption whatever from either opposing or friendly counsel. The defendant is not versed in technical terms, and might readily be led or driven to do himself a wrong if an attempt were

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made either to guide or disturb his speech. In the case under consideration—a very important one to the commonwealth—the object is to discover the gold as well as to convict the thief. The evidence introduced by the commonwealth has clearly established the existence of a large treasure, but no ray of light has been thrown on its present location, and Cupe is evidently the only person in a position to serve the State by revealing the truth. He can lighten his sentence by doing so." In conclusion, the judge called attention to the fact that Cupe stood alone, with all the world against him, and that under the circumstances he must be given full liberty to speak at length; and, "if any questions are to be asked of him," the judge added, "I will propound them to the satisfaction of both plaintiff and defence. Are you content, gentlemen?" he asked of the two lawyers; and both answered in the affirmative, as well they both might, for neither the case of the commonwealth nor his own case could be injured by the garrulous old negro.

"Cupid," said the judge, "you may speak now; tell these gentlemen all you know about this subject, and remember, Cupid, you have sworn before God Almighty to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Looking the judge in the face, old Cupe removed the shredded fragment of tobacco from the rubber-like lips that covered his toothless gums, and said:

"Yo' is bery condescendin', Ma'se Elford, ter gib an ole nigger de 'spicuity ob dis yocasion. Howsumebbah, it won't take long ter spoke all he hab ter say consarnin' de case yo' am 'quirin' 'bout. Dese heah gem'n an' ladies what hab spoken befo' hab lef' mighty little fo' Cupe ter talk 'bout, less it be de ole chist, which, 'cep'n' Dinah, Cupe am de only pusson who understan's. Dey hab tole monstrous straight stories, dese gem'n an' ladies, an' Cupe kin sartify ter de correc'ness ob dere statements an' et 'fords him pleasure ter say dat de truff am in dem all."

At this point the prisoner's counsel muttered, "The old fool!" But at a look from the judge he refrained from making an open interruption.

"Begin with the last time you saw the gold and tell us all you know about its loss. Never mind what others have said."

"Wall, Ma'se, de las' time I saw de gol' wah as follers: Ma'se Hardman wah growin' pow'ful weak de las' day ob de yeah, an' Cupe kno' dat de nex' mahn'n' 'ud see him a dead man. De signs had written dat fac' free times obah. An' den Cupe say ter Ma'se, 'Don't Cupe ask yo' ter make yoah peace wid de pahson?' and Ma'se say in his same ole way, 'Damn de pahson!' An' den he cough ag'in bery weak like an' look so cavernous dat Cupe spoke ag'in an' say, 'What yo' gwine ter do 'bout de Susie chile when yo' lebe de plantation fo' de uddah side ob Jordan?' An' den ma'se look kinder serous like an' say, 'Brung me some ob dat gol' an' let me see et ag'in!' An' Cupe go ter de lof' an' unlock de ir'n box, an' take a han'ful ob de shiny critters, an' brung 'em down, an' ma'se pick 'em up out ob Cupe's han' one by one in his fingahs, an' drop each piece ag'in case he too weak ter hole de stuff. An' den he say, 'Put de gol' back, Cupe, it am no youse ter me now, an' lock de box an' go fo' de pahson.'"

At this point the attorney for the defence arose and began to stride back and forth across the floor, and as he passed my side I heard him mumble, "The old fool!"

"An' den Cupe take de gol' back an' spread it ag'in in little piles all obah de bott'm ob dat chist an' pack de cotton waddin' close 'bout et."

Interrupting himself, the negro advanced to the iron box, turned the great key, raised the lid and peered into its depths. He gently turned the box on edge so that the judge and jurymen could see its bottom, and then moving his hand back and forth over the surface of the inner part of the chest, he repeated:

"An' Cupe spread de gol' money all obah de bery bott'm ob dis chist. It wah five pieces deep an' eb'ry spot ob de bott'm wah cubahed wid de shinin' critters. An' den de lid wah put down keerfully, an' de cubah wah pressed ter its place, an' de key ob de cubah wah turned, an' den dat key wah tookened out an' put inter Cupe's pocket."

Cupe again interrupted himself at this point to moralise on the chest, but it could be seen that the Court was getting a straight story, one that would send Cupe to the penitentiary on his own words.

"An' yoah bott'm wah cubahed wid gol', yo' honey ob a chist; an' wha' am yoah gol' now? Befo' de Lawd, yo' am a fr'en' what sticks ter de ribs." The old negro peered intently into its depths, he moved his bony fingers lovingly over the bottom and fingered each of the protruding rivets—he seemed to derive pleasure in the touch—giggled to himself and arose, smiling. "Yo' am a true fr'en', yo' ole chist; why don't de jedge ax yo' what yo' did wid de gol'?" Abruptly turning to the judge, he said: "Ax de chist, Jedge."

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"Never mind the story the chest might tell," said the judge; "what did you do next?"

"I put on de obahcoat an' pulled de comfort obah my ears an' drew on de coon-skin mittens an' started inter de storm fo' de pahson in Stringtown."

"You did not hide the money?"

"No, sah."

"You started for Stringtown with the key of the chest in your pocket?"

"Wid dis heah key s'curely in de pocket ob de pants," and Cupe held the key aloft.

"Is that the chest, Cupe?"

"It am de chist; dah ain't no uddah chist like it dis side ob Mexiky, wha' Ma'se Hardman got et in de wah. Yo' know, Jedge, he fought wid Gen'ral Butlah ob Cah'lton."

"Is there no other key, Cupe?"

The old darkey rose up and faced the judge. "What yo' ax, Ma'se?"

"There is no other key?" and the judge leaned over and gazed intently at the negro.

Cupe stood a second, and for once it seemed as though his native wit had deserted him. He stooped down, thrust the key to its place, removed the great iron from its socket, held it up to the judge and said:

"Dah am mo'ah dan a t'ousan' keys in de worl', Ma'se; yo' kno's dah am uddah keys; what fo' yo' ax Cupe sech a quistion es dat?"

"I mean is there another key like the one you hold in your hand?"

"Yo' ax es ter wheddah dah be 'nuddah key cap'ble ob unlockin' de lid ob dis chist, 'nuddah key like dis key?"

"Yes."

"Den Cupe kin ansah de quistion case he knows de ansah. Dah ain't no uddah key like dis one, dah nebbah hab been but one key ter fit dat keyhole sense ma'se brought de box from Mexiky. Ef Cupe wah on his dyin' bed an' de fires wah bu'n' fo' his soul, an' de good Lawd should say, 'Cupe, yo' kin save yo'sef de red hot pitchfork ob de debbil ef yo' say dah am 'nuddah key ter dis cubah,' Cupe couldn't say de word ter save his soul lessen he would lie. Dah am no uddah key, Ma'se."

"And so, Cupe, you left the gold in the chest that evening? No person could have opened the chest without the key, and it was in your possession until it was delivered to the officer appointed to take charge of the effects of your master?"

"Adzacly."

"How could the money have got out of the chest?" The judge spoke severely, and, eyeing Cupe, pointed into the empty box.

"Who say et git out ob de chist?" retorted Cupe, "not dis nigger."

"It is not there."

The negro dropped on his knees again and gazed into its rusty interior. "Suah dah ain't no gol' ter be seen, an' Cupe am glad et ain't ter be seen. De sign what nebbah lie say de gol' wah fo' de gearl, but ef et could be scraped tergeddah by de constable et 'ud go inter de pocket ob de lawyer. Yo' am right, Ma'se Elford, de chist won't tell no tales ter de lawyer, an' Cupe hab tole de truff an' nuffin but de truff es he swore ter do. Dah ain't nuffin mo'ah ter say." He lowered the cover of the chest and turned the key.

Vainly did the judge try by art and persuasion to induce the old man to add to or detract from his statement; he declined to alter his testimony in any way, but seated himself in the prisoner's box, thrust a shred from a leaf of tobacco between his lips, where, like a straw between two rubber shoes, it wabbled from side to side. With closed eyes and see-sawing foot, old Cupe sat silent.

Then the attorney for the defence arose and in a despondent tone, addressing the judge, said: "I submit the side of the defence to your Honour without argument and throw my client on the mercy of the Court."

CHAPTER XX.

Never did the Court of Stringtown County convene with spectators more intensely interested and more prompt in assembling. When the clerk made the opening cry every place was filled, and even the two side aisles were partly occupied by chairs brought from the bar-room of the nearest tavern. The universal opinion was that the jury must find Cupe guilty; and the only question which perplexed the village was regarding the penalty likely to be inflicted. The charge of the judge was soon delivered; it was short, and so clearly drawn as to leave the jury no alternative but to bring in a verdict against the defendant. As the twelve men filed slowly from the room it required but little of the spirit of prophecy to foresee that they would soon return. After a brief consultation the jury came back to the box, and the announcement was made by the Court officer that they were ready to return their verdict.

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed?" asked the judge.

"We are," said the foreman, and handed the

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Court a paper, from which his Honour read aloud:

"We do unanimously agree that in wilfully secreting a large sum of money which had been entrusted to his care Cupid Hardman is guilty of high crime against the commonwealth of Kentucky."

"Stand up, prisoner," said the judge, "while the sentence of the law is pronounced."

Cupid arose and looked the judge in the face. At this point occurred a marvellous thing, for a cry from one in the aisle, who was standing upright at the back of the room, broke the stillness.

"I ask for justice!"

The judge looked steadily at the intruder; every face was turned in the direction whence the startling cry had come; every face, I may say, but one. Cupe neither moved nor changed expression.

Audacious interruption this, in a Kentucky court.

In the rear of the centre aisle, with a leather-bound book held high in his hand, the lank form of Mr. Wagner, the Stringtown clerk, stood expectant, and as the eyes of the assembly turned upon him he repeated:

"Justice! justice! I ask for justice—justice at the hands of the Court, your Honour!"

"Justice is the right of him who appeals to a court of justice," answered the judge. "Justice should be as free as air. Justice in this court is a right of man and men. For whom do you ask justice?"

"For the prisoner before you, for the slave, Cupid Hardman."

"Justice he shall have in accordance with the testimony. Listen to the charge."

"Hold your word, your Honour. I ask for justice in the name of equity, not according to the testimony. Listen, your Honour, listen until you hear the statutory claim of him who demands the right."

Bearing aloft the book, the uncouth man advanced slowly down the aisle until he stood before the bench. Then, thrusting the volume into the hand of the slave, he spoke in a deliberate, slow tone, looking straight into the face of the judge. "I claim for this slave, Cupid Hardman, the *Right of Clergy,* and this demand I make in the name of the law of this great commonwealth of Kentucky and on behalf of justice, for I believe him to have done no crime."

The judge folded his arms on his chest and not less deliberately replied:

"The claim is a legal one and accords with the statutes of the commonwealth. Open the book, Cupid Hardman, and if you can read aloud the Constitution of the United States, the brand may be applied to your hand and you may go forth freed from the charge pending against you."

The aged negro opened the book and read (or repeated) word for word the entire Constitution of the United States, and, having handed the book back to his champion, stood awaiting the next motion of the Court.

"The brand! the brand of fire! bring in the brand!" ordered the judge in a faltering, low tone.

Turning toward the aisle, the lank clerk again held up his hand, which, high above the heads of the people, could be plainly seen from the corridor without. In answer to that signal, following the footsteps of the Stringtown clerk, advanced a figure familiar to nearly all who were present—the figure of the old Jew, Mose.

The habitual, emotionless smile wreathed his glossy face, a smile that contrasted strangely with the solemnity of the occasion, a smile unquestionably out of place in the present assembly. He carried a tinner's charcoal furnace fired to redness, into the living coals of which was thrust a searing iron such as is used to-day for branding beasts. Placing the heated furnace on the floor before the negro, the Israelite drew the brand from the glowing brazier and stood awaiting the next order of the judge.

"Sheriff, proceed with your duty! Cupid, hold out your hand!" ordered the judge.

The sheriff grasped the hot iron, Cupe extended his bare palm, the heated metal came in contact with the living tissue, a puff of blue vapour shot from the contact surfaces, a sizzling sound followed, and a shudder swept over the spectators, many of whom covered their faces. A quick cry, loud and shrill, pierced the air when that vapour curled upward, and with a bound the little girl, leaping from the arms of Dinah, sprang between the executioner and the victim. Striking up the hand which held the hot iron, she threw an arm around the waist of Cupe and stood defiantly beside him, shaking her tiny fist at the sheriff of Stringtown County.

But Cupe, with extended arm still held before the sheriff, made no attempt to avoid the ordeal. He had not flinched, no cry of pain broke from his lips, no struggle to escape the brand of fire.

"'Scuse de chile, Mr. Sheriff," he said

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gently, as with his left hand he stroked her yellow hair. "She am but a little gearl an' luv de ole nigger. *Go on wid de act!*"

"Enough! enough!" ordered the judge; "you are free to go home, Cupid; you are freed from the sentence of the Court, by the *Right of Clergy.*"*

Many of the audience came to the bondman's side when Court adjourned and shook the uninjured hand. Men praised the negro's fortitude, for Kentuckians love a brave man, be he black or white; and old Dinah, mumbling to herself, bound the heroic man's hand in a red bandana handkerchief. At last the room was vacated of all but the Court officers, the friends of Cupe and the late prisoner.

"You are free to go home," repeated the judge.

"Yo' hab de t'anks ob an ole, ign'rant nigger, Ma'se Jedge, fo' yoah many kindnesses, but Cupe 'ud like ter ax a quistion."

"Certainly."

"Kin de chist go home wid de nigger?"

"Yes."

Cupe made a low courtesy, stooped over, and with his uninjured arm attempted to throw the heavy box upon his shoulder. The sheriff came to his assistance, and by their combined efforts the burden was lifted to its brawny resting place. As Cupid left the court room the sheriff remarked: "Devilish heavy for an empty box."

The judge made no reply. And so the gold I had been promised was lost to me forever; and with it my hope of education in the great university, the first real air castle of the unsophisticated country boy, was lost beneath the ruin of the structure that in falling brought pleasure to others, including myself. With dragging feet I moved from the door of the court-house to the wagon of Mose, the huckster, and there, with arms clasped over my head, with face hidden from the light, leaning against the hind wheel of that dilapidated vehicle, I sobbed gently and nervously kicked the sod on which my tears were falling. The aged, sightless horse of the Hebrew, untied at the rear of the wagon, stood munching the remnant of a dinner from the worn trough which hung on the back part of the wagon bed; but I gave no heed to the beast, even when its hairy lips were flipped carelessly against my cheek. A flock of barn pigeons whistled their wings about my head and alighted near my feet, picking up the scattered grains of corn that had dropped upon the ground from the mouth of the horse, but for once my hand forgot its cunning and no stone was raised. Aunt Dinah, mumbling to herself and leading the little girl, passed me and climbed into the wagon, and still I stood, numbed by disappointment. Mose deposited the brazier in the wagon, having previously emptied the fiery contents on the roadside, then harnessed his horse and proceeded to hitch the faithful beast in the shafts. I heard next the footsteps of old Cupe approaching, bearing the iron chest upon his shoulder, but these too were unheeded. The chest was deposited on the ground near me, and as the negro straightened up, the 'bus to Stringtown, loaded to its utmost capacity, rolled by. A cheer was given by its many occupants in honour of Cupe, who waved his bandaged hand in return. As the omnibus rattled along I raised my eyes, and beheld near me, in the tail of the covered wagon, a round, red face, surmounted by a mop of bright red hair; it was the face of a boy about my own age. A derisive smile spread over the florid countenance, a mouth was "made," into which more sarcasm and irony were thrown than can be put into any other countenance on earth than that of a malignant boy, and a hand, red as a duck's foot, placed its thumb on the red nose and twisted its fingers. A case of hatred at first sight. I, who stood by the wagon wheel, forgot my own troubles. I straightened up and shook my fist defiantly back at the boy in the tail of the 'bus, and, grasping a clod (no stone was near), hurled it at the retreating form. As the vehicle vanished in a cloud of dust Cupe placed his hand on my head and muttered:

"De signs am fulfillin' monstrous fas' an' de meanin' ob de sign ter yo' am—look out fo' dat *Red-Head Boy!*"

(To be continued.)

*"The last time this plea was allowed in Kentucky was in the Barren Circuit Court, where a negro was on trial for rape before Judge Richard Buckner, and as the prosecutrix was a white woman, he was sentenced to death, owing to the bitter prejudices of a white jury, although the evidence against him was clearly insufficient. The learned judge, heartily sympathising with the poor wretch, thought of this plea as a means of escape for him, and instructed his attorneys to make it. The negro being tendered the United States Constitution, and found able to read it, he was accordingly burned in the hand and discharged from custody. The plea was shortly afterward (in 1847) abolished by the Legislature."—*Sixth Kentucky Law Reporter, p. 508.*

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

The most interesting experiment of the month has been largely a failure from an artistic as well as from a popular point of view. Mr. Sothern, who seems to be tired of his matinée popularity, has decided to spend part of his remaining time on earth in playing parts of higher grade than those which have endeared him to all the ladies of the land. He has already put on an English version of Hauptmann's *Die Versunkene Glocke*, and *Hamlet* is promised for the early fall. Certainly a man of Mr. Sothern's charm, talent and sincerity ought to be able to make an appreciable improvement in the American dramatic field, but his first trial brought to the front certain obstacles which will have to be removed before he can put on the larger drama with anything approaching adequacy. First of all, he must either select a company in which the members know how to talk, or else he must teach the actors whom he now has this primary requisite of all important acting. The increased attention given to detailed and naturalistic business of late has made it possible to get through plays of the kind most in vogue with less and less competence in delivery. As long as the playwright constructs his dramas, as Ibsen and Pinero do, for instance, to a large extent with this kind of representation in mind, the auditor need not feel weaknesses in vocal delivery; but as almost all the greatest dramas which have survived from the past were written with the main reliance on the words, what is left of them after they have been handled by a company with no rhetorical power is close to nothing. I went to see *Die Versunkene Glocke* for the first time at the Irving Place Theatre a few weeks ago, without having read it, and with an inferior knowledge of German, and yet the meaning was so clear and so interesting throughout that it held me through the longest speeches as few dramas do. Some of the New York newspapers, reflecting the Broadway or Rounder point of view, have treated *The Sunken Bell* as if the story were one thing, and almost acceptable, and the meaning were either obscure or non-existent, and in any case negligible. Of course, it is possible in criticising this, or any other work of art in which the symbolic quality is dramatic and not analytic, to attenuate the meaning by trying to make it too abstract; but on the other hand, it is unmistakably true that when you destroy the intellectual motive of this play you also destroy all the dramatic force. It would hardly do to say that one depends upon the other, because the play is so genuinely artistic that the two seem to be one, like the form and meaning of a piece of music. At the Irving Place Theatre the spirit of the play came with perfect ease and naturalness to its interpreters. There was no great acting. Carl Wagner, the visiting star, is a fairly distinguished actor, but he has not shown here any superiority to the best members of the stock company, and in many respects has fallen below them. Nevertheless, his Heinrich was more effective than Mr. Sothern's simply because he was superior in two respects: the atmosphere of the play, its literary form and meaning, belong to his race and were clear to him; and, second, he was able to deliver long speeches with rapidity, ease and distinctness, relying on his voice alone. Mr. Sothern was much better in this respect than the other members of his company, but he was uneven, at times almost catching the manner of poetic dramatic delivery, and at others substituting movements and gestures wholly out of accord with that kind of art. On the side of comprehending the general spirit of the play he was as faulty at least as he was in the technique necessary to its interpretation. The intellectual and imaginative was much of the time turned either to sentimentality or to melodrama. The whole of the third act, for instance, which at the Irving Place was a noble contrast and conflict of opposing moral principles, was at the Knickerbocker turned into a conventional love scene by the mere forcing of Rautendelein to the foreground and of the vicar to the background. In the next act the moral side of the dramatic situation was sunk in the melodramatic by over-action on the part of Mr. Sothern. To go into the minor points would perhaps be unadvisable, because the amount of criticism of detail which is wise is determined by the scale of excellence of the work criticised. The better the whole the more worth while is it to

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comment on smaller flaws. There was one mistake, however, so typical that it perhaps deserves mention. At the end of the play the stage direction is that Rautendelein kisses Heinrich, and then lays him down on the ground. On the opening night, at least, Miss Harned put Mr. Sothern's head down first and then kissed him. Anybody who feels the play will have no difficulty in seeing how clearly against its spirit is this little change, but it is in thorough accord with the main lines of the Sothern presentation. In lack of distinctness, flow and unity of delivery, nobody in the company was worse than Miss Harned. One of our best actresses in some lines, she seemed in every respect out of sympathy with, and unprepared for, the kind of work she was trying to do.

Leaving Goethe's *Iphegenie* at the Irving Place, with the superb performance of the title rôle by Martha Schiffel, and other events there of much higher grade than we get in English, for a special article on that theatre later on, we may take up *Little Nell and the Marchioness,* a dramatisation of *Old Curiosity Shop,* which ran a short time at the Herald Square Theatre. As the name combines two characters which have nothing to do with each other, so the whole play was loosely constructed, or barely constructed at all. It was made up of scenes taken anywhere in the novel, and put together any way, with certain minor changes, which were often forgotten by the playwright after he had made them, so that he allowed dependent later remarks to go unchanged. Nevertheless, the play was extremely interesting, which only proved again that you can put Dickens on the stage almost as you please and he will do the rest. The relation between the novel and the drama is a subject of such constant application to-day that it will doubtless be described successfully some day by some critic, but thus far nothing luminous, so far as I know, has been said about it. One thing that we can start with is that the novels of Dickens contain the elements of theatrical effectiveness in a much larger degree than those of most writers of fiction. The fact that all of his novels and most of his stories have been dramatised is in itself pregnant, and many famous actors have made much of their reputation in interpreting his characters. Opinions about the value of his creations may legitimately differ, but that many of them are creations, and not fragments, there can be no reasonable doubt. There is an age at which most of us, full of interest in the minute elements of expression, in cleverness, in Henry James, in the descendants of Jane Austen and Thackeray, lose our sense for the importance of structure, of the skeletons both in the story and in the characters, and the realisation of the superiority of things to say our slight modifications in the way of saying them. We are interested in verbal niceties, in elegance, in the virtues for which the French are eminent. After we come out of this Henry James age we may very well agree with the gross public and put Dickens even above Thackeray, to say nothing of lesser men of the same school, both as thinker and as artist. Of course, there was a good deal of Dick Swiveller in his creator, and it would not be surprising if Dickens knew it. The author's mixture of sympathy with Swiveller and clear observation of his absurdities is one of the greatest charms of *The Old Curiosity Shop.* It is also true that Little Nell is not in the same class as a successful creation with Swiveller and Quilp, and that the author's elongated pathos is frequently fully illustrative of Swiveller's own weaker side. When the orchestra played music in the pathetic parts of *Little Nell and the Marchioness* it seemed no insult, because it had just that obvious sentimentality that the corresponding part of the novel has. After all these admissions, however, are freely made; after it is admitted even that Dickens's pathos never approaches tragedy, and usually verges on shallowness of expression, there certainly remains enough to make it a very steadying experience to read one of his novels, after long neglect of them, and after indulgence either in the clever style or in the run of contemporary romantic and historic fiction. The crowd is not always right, but it is right a good deal oftener than anybody else. It was interesting, by the way, to notice that the audience at the Herald Square laughed at Quilp's cruelty, because of its grotesque form, and that they were particularly pleased with the broader side of Dickens's humour. The actors did well. Swiveller, much the most interesting

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character in the book, was made more sympathetic by Max Figman, but almost any actor would yield to that temptation.

A new play by one of the worthiest American dramatists is *Oliver Goldsmith,* in which Augustus Thomas has put together a series of scenes and epigrams mainly furnished to him by history, strung together on the thread of a rather conventional love-story. It is pleasant to see and hear, but it has no notable elements contributed by the playwright or the actors. Henry E. Dixey as David Garrick has a simply impossible task, and he is unable to execute those passages where the great actor is supposed to show how easily he can represent sincere emotions; but on the lighter side of mere superficial versatility he is better than anybody else in America would be, so good that we are sorry he is not more on our stage.

While *Sapho* was kept off the stage, during the great advertising act, Pinero's *Profligate* was put on for a short time, illustrating again that author's skill in the theatre, and his lack of reality on the moral side of his art. He has written two ends to *The Profligate,* but he has written only one play. It would be possible, taking the same situation, so to write the play that the happy ending would be harmonious and true; but the idea that, when a serious drama has been carried up to within a few speeches of the final curtain, the author is at liberty to put on either of two contrary conclusions that he chooses, certainly shows a lack of artistic depth. *The Profligate,* as at present written, absolutely demands that there shall be no reconciliation at the end. A slightly related principle comes out in a play recently put on at the Empire. *A Man and His Wife* shows a woman irritated with her husband, chronically discontented, and on the verge of running away with another man. She keeps her head, however, and succeeding events show her that she is much more profoundly attached to her husband than to the gentleman who has temporarily given her a more welcome excitement. This distinction between two kinds of love is a clear one, and one that we are compelled to make every day in real life. Also the woman's course in choosing not to run away, but to steer along empirically from day to day until the storm has blown over, and thus keep a valuable relation, instead of throwing it away, is, from the real point of view, obviously wise. If Ibsen's *Wild Duck,* for instance, has this for one of its many obscure meanings, most of us are glad to accept it. The play at the Empire, however, is a conventional melodrama, and what is right in conventional melodrama is not always what is right in life. When, therefore, at least one of the spectators objected that a real eighteen-carat heroine would have run away with a man as soon as she confided to him that she loved him, there was perhaps no conclusive answer. Stage morals are a difficult and embarrassing subject, because conventional and realistic effects are constantly becoming confused. All the talk which has sprung out of *Sapho* has signified pretty nearly nothing, the charge of the Supreme Court judge having as much sense in it as everything else taken together that I have read in the papers. One peculiar result is that people have learned how to discover immorality in unexpected places. One newspaper points out the naughty doings in *The Sunken Bell,* where a man undoubtedly does offend the law, and a minister gets into print with the observation that there are unseemly festivities in *Quo Vadis.* How would it do, after everybody is tired of this sort of thing, to get up some indictments against performances which tend to degrade the public intelligence? This would bring into great prominence the Empire and a number of our most respectable theatres.

Somebody objected that the last article in this magazine on the Drama of the Month dealt almost exclusively with women. There is, perhaps, one feeble justification. Actors, managers and observers agree that to-day in America, at least, three or four able and promising young actresses can be found for one actor. About the cause for this fact, there is some difference of opinion. Some say that women are more naturally histrionic than men, and that their average work is higher on the stage, although no more of them may be in the first rank. This is doubtful. A more plausible explanation is, that as all careers are open to men, only those who are particularly anxious to be looked at in the glare of the footlights take to the stage, whereas women, not having the choice of so many

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professions, are more likely to be led to the theatre by higher motives, and hence there is likely to be a better quality among the actresses. It is true, also, that there does seem to be something against nature in a man's painting himself up and looking pretty, but this principle would be applicable only in thinking of the actors who do the young heroes. One truth which bears in some way on the subject, although distantly, is that personality counts more than skill, and more than it ought to, with our audiences. One of the most prominent managers in the country tells me that the reason that Edwin Arden, one of the most polished and skilful actors we have, is not more sought after, is merely that audiences do not become personally interested in him. Mary Shaw is an illustration of a remarkably able and artistic player kept out of sight by the same cause. An English actor-playwright blamed me the other day for writing unfavourably of one of the prettiest and most popular actresses on our stage. He agreed that she had little or no power to represent a character, but argued that, as she could get her personality over the footlights, and as her personality was interesting to multitudes, it was misleading to say that she would probably never be much of an actress; she would almost surely succeed. One other point may be jotted down among these miscellaneous considerations—namely, that nothing makes it harder for skill to have its proper reward than the faulty principles guiding our stock companies. Actors there have certain "rights." The leading man has a right to the leading part, the second man to the second part, and so on. Mr. Conried can take his soubrette and let her play Rautendelein in spite of the lamentations of several leading women who want the part, but in the English stock companies, at the Empire and at Daly's, the manager would never think of any such daring performance. This is one of the reasons why Alison Skipworth at Daly's gets no end of praise from the best sources, and never gets a part of any importance.

Norman Hapgood.

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LITERARY PARIS

Of course, no literary event of the past month approaches in importance the production of *L'Aiglon,* which, after a number of postponements, took place at last on the 15th of March. What can be said from the information at hand is, that though Rostand's new play may not yet be the great masterpiece which must some time come from his pen, he has certainly given us what could have come from no other living author. There is an almost universal consensus of opinion that the first three acts of the play, while full of incidents of a dramatic nature, carry the spectator up to the highest spheres of poetry. Unfortunately the play seems to be too long. The Duke of Reichstadt doesn't die until three more acts have been added to the first three ones, and a good deal of pruning will be necessary.

The one dissenting voice among the critics is that of Faguet, who finds the play exceedingly dull. But as Faguet finds his own articles interesting, his opinion does not count for very much.

Will Rostand's new success open for him the doors of the Academy? Not yet, it seems. The most popular prospective candidate at the present time appears to be Frédéric Masson, who has just published the third volume (soon to be followed by a fourth and last) of his work on *Napoléon et sa Famille.* The only vacancy that now exists, though, is not likely to be filled by the election of a man of letters pure and simple. It was caused by the death a few days ago of the mathematician Joseph Bertrand, and according to the traditions of the Academy, his seat ought to go to another man of science. Who will the man be? Were the Academy simply to weigh the scientific and literary claims of living men of science, there would be no doubt. Joseph Bertrand would be succeeded by Berthelot, the illustrious chemist, senator and former cabinet minister. But Berthelot is a radical republican, an out-and-out positivist, and published a few years ago a masterly reply to Brunetière's famous Bankruptcy-of-Science article!

Brunetière, by the way, is the member who will have to answer Paul Hervieu's *Discours de Réception.* This promises an interesting séance, and it is rumoured that it is likely to be one of the attractions of the Exposition period.

It has just been announced that the Academy is to come ultimately in possession of an invaluable literary treasure. It will become the possessor, after the owner's death, of the magnificent library and collection of literary curiosities of Vicomte Spoelberch de Lovenjoul. It will thus own, among other things, a number of unpublished manuscripts of Balzac, whose works will become public property during the current year, as he died fifty years ago, in 1850. The Lovenjoul collection will be bequeathed to the Academy on condition that it be deposited in the Château de Chantilly.

Talking of the Academy, a very amusing but rather disrespectful book, and with a very disrespectful title, *Le Salon de la Vieille Dame à la Tête-de-bois,* has just been devoted to it by M. Firmin Maillard. It is a humoristic history of the Academy during the Second Empire, and deals especially with the elections.

There are three vacancies in another academy, which is at last to exist—the Goncourt Academy. Goncourt's relatives have lost their case before the Court of Appeals, and the will is sustained. Exclusive of copyrights, a yearly income of 25,000 francs will from the start be at the disposal of the ten members, but it is likely that they will decide to add the income to the principal until it is possible to give each member a stipend of 6000 francs, as desired by Edmond de Goncourt.

All book collectors are not as public-spirited as Vicomte de Lovenjoul. The library of the late president of the Société des Bibliophiles Français, M. Guyot de Villeneuve, has just come under the hammer. It had been begun in 1854 by its owner, who had, before his death, had time to make a complete catalogue of it himself. The prices realised were very high.

Sarcey's executors went to work about his collection of articles much faster than was expected. The collection will comprise seven volumes, of which the first one is already out, and will be completed in the spring of 1901. One volume is devoted to the *Comédie Française,* one to classical comedy, one to classical tragedy, three to the modern dramatists and one to Sarcey's controversies. The opening article is dated July, 1860, thus

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justifying the title given to the whole collection, *Quarante Ans de Théâtre.*

Two other literary series are just also beginning to come before the public. One is a collection of histories of various national literatures. Its publishers, Armand Colinaud Company, have an understanding with the publisher of the analogous English series, so that some books—Gosse's *English Literature,* Fitz Maurice Kelly's *Spanish Literature,* Walizewski's *Russian Literature,* etc.—will be in both series, while other issues, like Hauvette's *Italian Literature* and Gaston Deschamp's *French Literature,* will appear only in the French series.

The other venture, though among the authors appear such names as Gaston Paris's and Henri Houssaye's, is of a more worldly character. The volumes are handsome, and are published by the Société d'Editions Artistiques. The first to appear was a record of lounging, *En flânant,* by André Hallays. The general title of the collection is *Les Idées, les Faits et les Œuvres.*

The prolific Faguet has just published a very curious history of French literature. Its two volumes do not bring us much that is both new and true in the way of information, but they contain the reproduction of a number of portraits of writers and fac-similes of handwritings possessed by the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Another important work on literature is the long-expected second volume of Renouvier on Victor Hugo. It is devoted to Hugo considered as a philosopher. A number of years have elapsed since the appearance of the first volume, in which Victor Hugo was studied as a poet. Taken together, Renouvier's two volumes, *Victor Hugo, Le Poète; Victor Hugo, Le Philosophe,* constitute the most thoughtful account of Hugo's work published thus far in French or any other language.

Alfred Fouillée completes his study of the France of to-day and to-morrow by a remarkable and fearless work, *La France au point de vue moral.* I commend it to all unbiassed inquirers who want to know what the French really think about themselves.

We have two interesting collections of articles republished in book form, one purely literary, N. M. Bernardin's *Hommes et Mœurs du Dix-Septième Siècle,* the other devoted mainly to artistic subjects, Camille Saint-Saëns's *Portraits et Souvenirs.*

Historians have this time been attracted mainly by the more recent period of French annals; M. Georges Weill writes on the *Histoire du Parti Républicain en France de* 1814 *à* 1870, and M. H. Berton on *L'Evolution Constitutionnelle du Second Empire.* Both books treat thoughtfully and accurately of subjects hitherto but imperfectly known.

The stream of books on foreign countries continues uninterrupted. I suppose, however, that a number of people will go on repeating that the French do not care about anybody but themselves. In addition to Walizewski's *Littérature Russe,* mentioned above, we have a literary book on Austria, Auguste Erhardt's *Le Théâtre en Autriche, Franz Grillparzer;* a biographical study on a notorious Englishman, A. Wiallatte's *Joseph Chamberlain;* and an account of the labours of the first great Irish leader of this century, L. Nemours-Godrée's *Daniel O'Connell, sa Vie, son Œuvre.*

I might also mention L. de Norvins's *Les Milliardaires Américains,* but the book is clearly a piece of deception. The author, who states that Norvins is not his real name, claims to be connected with several American multi-millionaire families. His book shows that he knows them only by what he has read of them in the newspapers. Not everybody can take in the public as successfully and as cleverly as the author of *An Englishman in Paris.*

Out of the large crop of new novels two seem deserving of special mention. Both are by well-known writers, and are intended, one in a serious vein, the other in the tone of satire, to accentuate the return of French literature to idealism. One, *An Milieu du Chemin,* is by Édouard Rod, the other, *La Romance du Temps Prèsent,* seems to be the best thing thus far produced by Léon Daudet.

Romain Coolus's *Le Marquis de Carabas* is hardly a novel: it is a series of humoristic, witty and amusing reflections on modern society, connected by a slender imaginative thread. Auzias Turenne's *Le Roi du Klondike* is "un livre de circonstance" more than anything else.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, although not a French writer, I have also to mention, as

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his last novel, *Fuoco,* is just to appear in French garb, the translator, who this time is not a "traditore," being the remarkable writer to whom we already owe the translation of D'Annunzio's former works, M. Hérelle.

The poets have been remarkably active; we have no less than four interesting volumes of verse. Strange to say, three of these come from the pen of foreigners. Two Americans, Stuart-Merrill and Francis Vielé-Griffin, give us respectively *Les Quatre Saisons* and *La Légende Ailée de Wieland le Forgeron,* and a German lady, the Baroness von Hayking, whose husband is, I think, in the German diplomatic service, publishes a small volume with *Heures de Solitude* for its title.

Ferdinand Hérold is a Frenchman, and unpretentiously sings *Au Hasard des Chemins.* Dramatic literature before *L'Aiglon* had been sadly barren of works of value, especially of literary value. In that respect Maurice Donnay's *L'Education d'un Prince* is a real treat for the lovers of witty dialogue. And we are promised by Coquelin a verse-play by Edmond Haraucourt, *Jean Bart.*

Father Didon, who just died, was a *littérateur* of no mean value. His *Jésus-Christ* is nothing more than a religious amplification, but some of his sermons and speeches show him to have been a genuine orator, and he is also the author of an interesting work on the German universities.

Adolphe Cohn.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins is said to be contemplating another visit to this country.

The Queen's Garden, by Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, is the story of an orphan girl of Louisiana. Left friendless and homeless by the death of the relative who had cared for her, she goes to New Orleans to find a new home with an aunt who had long been estranged from the girl's father. It is in this new home, a big, picturesque house in the French quarter, where she finds the aunt ill with yellow fever, that the story of the book is played out.

At the time that Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman sold his seat on the New York Exchange and retired to the rest and quiet of his home in Bronxville, he was one of the oldest members of the Exchange, having been elected to membership in 1864. It was Mr. Stedman's idea that the wide difference between literary work and Wall Street allowed him to go from one to the other with his best energies. From now on, however, he expects to devote himself entirely to literary labour.

The eternal question as to Bacon's authorship of the plays which bear Shakespeare's name comes up again in a book by the Honourable Charles Allen, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, *Notes on the Bacon-Shakespeare Question.* The book is a formidable massing of evidence for Shakespeare, the basis of which is the argument that so learned a jurist as Bacon could not have written into plays and poems such poor legal knowledge as Shakespeare has displayed.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company announce that *The Bath Comedy,* Agnes and Egerton Castle's new book, is to appear during the present month. The cover of the book has been designed under the direction of Mr. Castle himself, who wished the dress of the volume to be in keeping with the eighteenth-century elegance of Bath.

There has been a good deal of speculation, says the London *Literary World,* concerning Mr. Andrew Lang's real position, and now he has settled it definitely. "My profession," he tells us, "is to elucidate the germs of religion, law and literature; to study their movements in the human mind, and to pursue their history till religion blossoms in a Frederic Harrison, law in a member of Parliament, and literature in any one you please." From which it will be gathered that Mr. Lang has still a fondness for a subtle joke.

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The Macmillan Company announce that they will publish in current and popular English the Epistles of the New Testament. The work has been done by the Rev. Henry Hayman, rector of Aldinghan, England; Honourable Canon of Carlisle. The author's plan has been to keep with careful fidelity to the thought of the Apostles while using a perfectly free hand as regards the language in which he has ventured to present them. The experiment is one of considerable interest. Another religious book from the same press is the second volume of *Old Testament Theology, The History of Hebrew Religion,* by Archibald Duff, M.A., LL.D., professor of Old Testament theology in the United College, Bradford, England.

The Domestic Blunders of Women, by a "Mere Man," is a book which from its curious and very pertinent title is likely to appeal to a number of readers. In the volume which is published by the Funk and Wagnalls Company, "A Mere Man" sets forth, among other "blunders of women," "Women's Ignorance of the Value of Money," "The Management of Servants," "The Mistakes of 'The Missus,'" "The Management of Children," "Misuse of Kitchen Utensils," "The Love of Dirt," "The Purchase of a Chop," "The Waste of Food," "Feeding of Children," "The Folly of Flowers and Bric-à-brac," and last, but not least, "Things in General."

A recent number of *The Londoner* tells the following excellent story in connection with the late Mr. H. D. Traill:

> On another occasion he (Mr. Traill) told me that one of his earliest journalistic commissions was to write a series of articles, in a paper edited by a lady well known in "feminist" circles some thirty years back, on the anomalies and injustices of the law relating to woman's property. The articles were duly written and published, but the remuneration agreed upon was not forthcoming. After repeated but fruitless demands for payment Mr. Traill "county-courted" the lady, with the result that she successfully invoked against her contributor the identical statute she had commissioned him to impeach! The humour of the situation went a long way to compensate him for his disappointment.

The A. Wessels Company have issued a bibliography of Aubrey Beardsley's drawings compiled by Mr. A. E. Gallatin. From the same press we have *The House of Commons,* by Sir Richard Temple, a book descriptive of this one of England's representative institutions, and the author's experience as a member during the decade 1885-95.

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company announce the publication of a new edition of *Diana Tempest,* a novel by Miss Mary Cholmondeley, the author of *Red Pottage. Diana Tempest* will contain a portrait of the author and an introduction giving a sketch of her life and methods. In connection with Miss Cholmondeley's latest and most popular novel we append the following story, although declining to vouch for its accuracy. It concerns a certain very distinguished statesman whose identity we could not for a moment think of disclosing, but of whom we shall mysteriously say that he three times disputed—twice successfully—the office of President of the United States, and is at present a resident of Princeton, New Jersey. This distinguished statesman read Miss Cholmondeley's book with so much ardour and interest that upon one occasion when the volume was temporarily mislaid he rushed impatiently about the house inquiring "Where is that *Red Garbage?*"

The Black Wolf's Breed, by Harris Dickson, is to be translated into French and issued by a Paris publishing house.

A good, readable story drenched with the salt of the sea is *Mr. Trunnell, Mate of the Ship Pirate,* by T. Jenkins Hains, from the press of the Lothrop Publishing Company. In this book the author writes of the same scenes and people he treated so successfully in *The Windjammers.*

Adachi Kinnosuke, a young Japanese, is the author of a collection of short stories entitled *Iroka: Tales of Japan,* which will commend themselves to those who never tire of the flowery kingdom. Mr. Kinnosuke writes of his countrymen as one who knows, and each story is full of the romance and the colour which are a part of Japan. The book is published by the Doubleday and McClure Company.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, 1861-1865, being Vol. VI. of History of the United States of America under the Constitution. By James Schouler. Dodd, Mead & Company.

An important limitation of the interest of Schouler's *History of the Civil War* is one necessary and self-imposed by the author. Condensing as a hand-book for the use of academies the entire history of the war into one volume of 633 pages, necessarily excludes a free discussion of the difficult and not yet satisfactorily settled political and military problems. It consequently does not appeal as a contribution to historical research. For the same reason, the picturesque aspects of historical narration are not done justice to. Little space can be given to the interesting development of character or to the vivid and comprehensive presentation of events. Consequently, it appeals almost as little to the general reader of maturity as to the technical historian.

Another limitation, not such an inevitable result of the general academic purpose of the book as the one already suggested, is the constancy with which the Northern point of view is taken. Southern military operations, Southern politics, Southern generals and statesmen are, in comparison with corresponding subjects in the North, very thinly treated, and, except in a few sections of the book, brought in merely when necessary in order to explain happenings at the North. The tone is one of fairness toward the South, but the essential partisanship is, nevertheless, apparent. What is said seems right, but not enough is said. For instance, Lee's character can only be arrived at by the reader's interpretation of his actual deeds in the field, and by a few scattered comments. An instance of how the author's Northern sympathies lead him to slight, if not actually to misrepresent, is:

> Time proved him (Lee), on the whole, the ablest general who fought on the Southern side, with somewhat of those attributes that made Washington peerless. He had good faculties of mind fully ripened. After his dignified surrender had closed the war he took up private pursuits, betraying neither bitterness nor discomposure; but whatever the feelings he veiled from the world for the rest of his life, we may doubt whether his conscience was clear. He saw Virginia forever sundered through this experiment of secession. He saw his native soil drenched with fraternal blood which he was not guiltless of shedding. He saw his Arlington home converted into a national cemetery, now the hallowed ground for thousands of brave soldiers that fought against him. To-day, from the pillared porch of that stately mansion where his sinister resolve was taken, one sees across the blue Potomac and against the background of a bluer sky the great white obelisk reared to commemorate the nation's chief founder, which points its warning, like a marble finger, against placing the dignity of any State above that of the nation.

To far less important generals on the Northern side more attention is directly given. The greater number of our school histories are already vitiated by that kind of patriotism which consists in misrepresenting or neglecting our opponents. And for the general student a book more illuminating in regard to Southern character, Southern politicians, generals and military events would have great value. It is true that the materials of Southern history are more difficult to get at, but it is the point of view in Mr. Schouler's history that is in the first instance responsible for slighting them.

The emotional attitude toward the Union is shown also in the treatment of the Abolitionists, and the discussion of our relations with France and England. In the author's persistent Union sympathies the deep significance of the abolition movement at the beginning of the war does not receive full justice; although, of course, he is right in insisting on the maintenance of the Union as the precipitating cause of the war. More sympathetic to the cause of patriotism and essential truth at once are the author's strictures on the ungenerous part that France and England played in the war:

> Pride of opinion and supercilious rudeness toward the weak still characterised the English Government in its dealings with mankind, nor were rebellious colonies forgiven. The enmity to which Americans are always most sensitive is that of the mother country, from whom language, laws and literature are derived. Yet France, or rather the ruler who now managed its concerns in the selfish interests of his ambitious family, formed plans more resolutely hostile to the United States.

What, however, is wholly admirable is the adequacy, fairness and judgment shown on the ground where the author's strong Union sympathies were not aroused. When he writes of the qualities of Northern statesmen and generals he is not only complete within his narrow boundaries, but almost always leaves the conviction that he is right. Even in regard to Lincoln, toward whom it is easy

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and not unjustifiable to take the attitude of hero-worship, Schouler in his general strain of warm and just appreciation is able still to point out limitations. For instance:

Lincoln, inexperienced in such matters (military) as well as his Cabinet, showed a civilian's inclination to make volunteer statesmen his ranking generals, as though the war would turn out an affair of political tact and administration.

This kind of semi-unfavourable modification is never, in the case of Lincoln, driven as severely home as it might be; for Lincoln is ever to this historian "our martyr President." But when it comes to other men, like Seward, Stanton, McClellan and other hesitating officers in command of the Army of the Potomac during the early years of the war, Mr. Schouler, while remaining kind, is able to say things which in effect are the more severe for his evident desire to give all Northerners their just due.

An excellent feature of this history is the many striking character sketches it contains, some of Southerners, more of Northerners. These are brought in at odd times, in the course of action. The writer pauses to comment on the light that certain actions throw on the personality of the actors. And these frequent though brief passages contribute the most interesting quality of the book. In them is shown a general maturity of culture, an ethical sense, a frequently happy talent for characterisation, and a contemplative leaning. Of Cameron he says:

Dominant in Pennsylvania politics, before and after the war, he was earliest, perhaps, among those senatorial satraps who now rule an American State without pretence of statesmanship. McClellan relates that Cameron gave him his way, but was absorbed in politics, political appointments and contracts.

Of the Abolitionists:

Long training in pen and speech made them pungent in personalities and exasperating to the last degree.

Of Butler:

Cynical in his own standard of measuring mankind, he would mortify convention, and set the low against the high, rather than give every one, low or high, his due. Ill-fitted for conqueror, he posed as avenger. He assessed for the poor of Louisiana rich citizens who had subscribed toward the Confederacy. He armed the negro and sought his goodwill, while threatening white recusants of respectability with the ball and chain. He closed certain churches where prayers were not offered up for the true President. When his officers complained of New Orleans ladies who played Secession tunes on the piano and feigned nausea on the streets when Union shoulder-straps passed by, he issued an order, saturnine in humour and yet exasperating, which in a *double entendre* threatened for such misconduct a scandalous penalty. By these and other manifestations of martial discipline he made New Orleans more hateful to the Union than he found it. The Confederate Davis, by a proclamation which specified current complaints, denounced him as a common enemy of mankind, while Lord Palmerston and the British House of Commons made remonstrance. On the 15th of December Banks, who knew something of the gentler art of government, relieved him in this department; and Butler, in a pungent address for the newspapers, claimed that his clemency had been greater than that of the English in China and India, since treason being an offence punishable with death, all short of it was clear gain to the offender.

Among the many happy things he says of Lincoln is:

The selection of Hooker to lead the Army of the Potomac, as Burnside's successor, was the President's own act, and it seemed as if Lincoln, in experimenting so many months to find the right commander, would turn from one type and temperament to another, almost as much to test character, or from politic reasons, as to accomplish the military ends he had in view.

Of Meade:

Meade was tall and thin, nervous and somewhat irritable, very nearsighted, and with the careworn air of a student rather than a swordsman. He was a man of reserve, conservative by temperament and training. But this army knew him as an able and intrepid officer, of approved courage and experience; cool and thoughtful in time of danger, and indisposed to retreat.

Many are the good things he says of Sherman, Sheridan and Grant.

In style the book is, as a rule, considered adequate and contemplative rather than animated. There is little excitement, therefore, in the description of battles. This is partly due also to a lack of simplicity. The author is very fond of fine phrases and rather elaborate, figurative language. He marshals big words and resounding sentences with sometimes an impressive, but more frequently a heavy result. Now and then, by reversions of the usual sentence order, he suggests bombastic verse. The search for the phrase sometimes helps to hit off character, but for history perhaps a simpler style is more effective. Certainly when it comes to a great pathetic event, such as the death of the President, a barer style would have been more moving. Some of the unsuccessful phrases are: "Onward to the capital marched the ruthless con-

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queror, over the route of glory that Cortes and Scott had travelled in succession." "Lincoln was too intelligent not to know that attempts on his life were intended by individuals, but he had the full courage of high station, and wore the strong breastplate of a heart untainted." "Pure and austere though he was in ideals of public duty, Chase had something of that insatiate ambition to be first that perverts good feeling and keeps one wrapped in an atmosphere impervious to clear sunshine." "The bow of Chase's candidacy lingered not in the sky." "There was no such display of disdain or loathing as the fair rebels of New Orleans had once shown, but deep dejection and sorrow, rather, and a cold though courteous dignity, which proclaimed impassable barriers."

An example of felicitous phrase, of which there are many, is: "Yet something of that skill in carving epithets and of epigrammatic force that hurts he seems to have derived from the rigid abolition school."

Hutchins Hapgood.

A TEN YEARS' WAR. By Jacob A. Riis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.50.

Practical sociologists like Jacob A. Riis, Walter Wyckoff and Josiah Flynt have the advantage over mere abstract reasoners and writers in that the purposes and theories which underlie their books in no way interfere with the narrative qualities. These writers may have reforms to urge, causes to advance, but their first duty is to turn out copy that is entertaining and easily read. *A Ten Years' War* is simply an additional part to the author's former books, *How the Other Half Lives* and *Children of the Poor.* It is a good book and a sincere book, but, of course, it is inferior in many respects to the other two. This could hardly have been avoided. When a writer follows a first book with two or three more dealing with practically the same subject, the later works are almost certain to be made of poorer material, and in *A Ten Years' War* Mr. Riis has been obliged to spread his ideas rather thin.

To those who are familiar with the author's work in the reclamation of the slum districts of New York City there is one incident related in the book which is delicious in its irony and humour. It is when Mr. Riis tells of how in his delight at the sight of the sod in Mulberry Bend Park he danced exuberantly upon the forbidden ground and was promptly clubbed by a too zealous police officer. Mr. Riis has much to say of the old Bend of interest to New Yorkers. Despite the picturesqueness of its dirt and darkness it was hopeless, and had to go.

There was no question of children or playground involved. The worst of all the gangs, the Whyos, had its headquarters in the darkest of its dark alleys; but it was left to the police. We had not begun to understand that the gangs meant something to us beyond murder and vengeance, in those days. No one suspected that they had any such roots in the soil that they could be killed by merely destroying the slum. The cholera was rapping on our door, and, with the Bend there, we felt about it as a man with stolen goods in his house must feel when the policeman comes up the street. Back in the seventies we began discussing what ought to be done. By 1884 the First Tenement House Commission had summoned up courage to propose that a street be cut through the bad block. In the following year a bill was brought in to destroy it bodily, and then began the long fight that resulted in the defeat of the slum a dozen years later. It was a bitter fight, in which every position of the enemy had to be carried by assault. The enemy was the deadly official inertia that was the outcome of political corruption born of the slum plus the indifference of the mass of our citizens, who probably had never seen the Bend.

In writing of some of the abuses of the old East Side Mr. Riis adopts a tone that is tremendously sincere and passionate. He has rubbed against the slum, and in his own life felt much of its iniquity. A passage which the reader will not readily forget is that in which he tells of a night twenty-nine years ago he passed in a police station lodging-house. There he was robbed, beaten and thrown out for protesting; and when the vagrant cur that joined its homelessness to his and sat all night at the door waiting for him to come out, snarled and showed its teeth at the doorman, the author, raging and powerless, saw it beaten to death on the steps. That night was one which Mr. Riis has never forgotten. It is a memory which permeates the book.

A. B. M.

THE BENDING OF THE BOUGH. A Comedy in Five Acts. By George Moore. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Company. $1.25.

In an elaborate preface Mr. Moore explains why he preferred to have his play produced in Dublin rather than in London. But a serious student of the drama is first of all concerned with the question whether the play was worth producing at all. Mr. Moore's views as to the future home of the arts in the British Isles, as to the value of the several arts, and

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as to the mission of the theatre, whether solidly based or not, are interesting but quite irrelevant as prelude to the work of one who has still to prove himself of some account in writing for the stage. Indeed, a reader needs no guide to the reason why the play should have had a kinder audience in Ireland than in England, and it is a simpler reason than that to which the author points.

The Bending of the Bough is one of those few plays—offered rather to the Irish than to the English public—that have been written for "love of art." So we are told. For art many unavailing sacrifices are made. If it had been published in the name of patriotism no one could have cried failure. It is an ingenious fable in which the relations between England and Ireland are shadowed forth in the intercourse between two towns, the prosperous Southhaven and the poor, ruined Northhaven. Northhaven has been induced to sell its fine line of steamers to Southhaven for certain advantages, including social patronage, which were not named in the bill. The money dues have not been all paid up by the rich neighbour, which, of course, has gained the means of attracting capital to it, and all kinds of material well-being. Some Northhaven agitators desire to break the unfair contract and start their own line of steamers again; others are content to ask that their bill should be paid. Southhaven pooh-poohs the thing, and offers to make a tramway for its poor neighbour, while the Mayor proposes to build a house and live in Northhaven part of the year. So there we have not only the Home Rule question shadowed forth, but the agitation of the Financial Relations Committee, and the matter of a royal residence as well. It is all very neat and ingenious, and, of course, quite unimaginative. Allegory—which is the poles apart from myth and poetic symbolism—is a detestable bastard art, the weakness of which only one or two great geniuses have overcome. It serves ordinary ends indifferently well, and though the high and tragic story of Ireland seems unnecessarily belittled in this fable, let that pass. Mr. Moore has contrived a popular illustration of a condition of things which he has in no way exaggerated.

So far we have met only the patriotism. Then let us seek the art, for, alas! we did not meet it on our way through the book. But we diligently turn back to look for it. How is the situation developed? How are the characters conceived? They are not conceived at all. They are so many prating puppets with labels on their back: Strong Enthusiast, Shaky Enthusiast, Practical Man, Schemer, Weak Person, Trimmer, etc. Surely the costume designer for the Dublin theatre was hard put to it to differentiate them externally. To this there is only one exception. The bright spot in the play is Foley, a journalist, who justifies his frequent change of views by declaring "there is some truth in everything, though the truth of to-day is not always that of yesterday," and thinks "the intolerable is not to have large and noble views of what life should be and to expound these views in language as—as—" Foley is only too brief a spark. The hero, Shaky Enthusiast, otherwise Jasper Dean, has the ear of the people. (His conversational style, by the way, is not attractive.) He will lead them to shake off the fetters of Southhaven. But he is in love—though nothing in his demeanour or speech to the lady proves it—and if the Southhaven trade is interfered with, his future wife's income will be reduced. He is nobly obstinate for a while, talks Nationalism and very irrelevant folk-lore, and prates about gods among the lonely hills—which in the circumstances sounds less like poetry than blasphemous quotation. Then he turns round, and says he really couldn't reduce his wife's income, and he is in love, you know, and all that. The agitation is over, for he alone has the ear of the people. Poor people!

Mr. Moore is, for the moment, an immense admirer of Ibsen. Ibsen is undoubtedly a great stage craftsman, but he is an unfortunate while a convenient model. Ibsen in his later plays has mostly defied the poet within him, and has mutilated the man of letters. But the poet is too real to be resisted at all times, and there is much implied poetry beneath a surface singularly wanting in beauty. He is, therefore, we repeat, a most convenient and unfortunate model for lesser men who in his name give rein to all the prose within them, as Mr. Moore has done here. *The Bending of the Bough* is unmitigated prose. Its language, like its whole conception, is good enough for an ordinary political squib, and no better. But then, though a Dublin audience may listen with patient courtesy to what so solemnly reflects its own sentiments, the thing is not lively enough to be put to electoral use. And that in the name of art, or even in the name of country, a dull thing should with such ceremony be offered to Ireland rather than to its phlegmatic neighbour—this is Ireland's newest wrong.

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WHEN THE DEAD AWAKEN. A Dramatic Epilogue in Three Acts. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Company.

Perhaps the end of every honest and intelligent controversy about Ibsen is the conviction that he is the Great Anarchist. His criticism of life seems based on diverse and irreconcilable principles. Which are his own personally it is impossible to say. He knows the impulses that sway men's hearts, and he makes his puppets dance to them. One puppet imposes its message of experience on a serious reader, who cries out, "Here is the rule of life for a nobler future," and he is confounded by the very next work of the puzzling dramatist. Ibsen must laugh at his solemn, distracted devotees. Says Rubek to the bear-hunter in this play, "Am I to take these as oracular utterances, Mr. Ulfheim?" And Ulfheim answers, "Lord preserve me from playing the oracle!"

This latest work is, at least, as anarchic as any of the others. As for the meaning, if it's not what you please, you can choose between two or three very different-featured truths. He shakes the kaleidoscope of life before your eyes, and when one design seems to embody the impassioned meaning of his most impassioned puppet's words and actions, he has a trick of engaging your sympathies on the other side. The impulsive reader, or the critic in a hurry, may light on this passage and cry that he has found the key:

IRENE.

We see the irretrievable only when——
[*Breaks short off.*]

PROFESSOR RUBEK.

[*Looks inquiringly at her.*] When——?

IRENE.

When we dead awaken.

PROFESSOR RUBEK.

[*Shakes his head mournfully.*] What do we really see then?

IRENE.

We see that we have never lived.

Live out your life then as men and women. Do not starve your corporal selves. Do not miss your chances, blinded by an ideal, or by convention, or by languor. But having arrived at the conclusion this is the meaning, the impulsive reader will be bewildered at the end, where two pairs of lovers awaken, and resolve to lead their own lives out, and for result one couple, the unthinking, the material ones, go off to brutal savagery, and the other, the soulful ones, are swept down in an avalanche. The reader tries one more shot. Is it that only the clods, or the primitive savages of humanity may live their own life and prosper, while the more highly developed die when they would realise their ideal in the actual world? Hardly, for it may be argued, this particular pair lost their early and best chance, and made the experiment after the world had battered and stiffened them; and their case really proves nothing. I think the meaning is more anarchic, bitterer than that; to most minds terrible. An ordinary life is as the sleep of death. At your peril awaken, for wakening means the sudden knowledge of loss; loss of beauty and joy if you have starved the sensuous part of you; loss of beauty and joy if you have starved the spirit. Man's capacities are so few, so frugal, and his waking desires so vast. Had Rubek long ago made no self-denying ordinance about his beautiful model, he would still have had wild remorse for loss in his waking moments. Had Irene in the old days killed the artist in him and roused the man, she would still have started up in sorrow because her gain had wrought destruction. Maia, we feel assured, if we fall under the spell of the play, woke from sporting with her bear-hunter, and knew the worth of her sculptor, whom she had deserted. Whatever our posture and dreams in the sleep of life, we wake to regret. "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity!" But "Lord preserve us from playing the oracle!"

The symbolism of the play is quite as crude and childish as is usual in Ibsen's, and even more effective. The exception is Ulfheim, who represents the animal man in a quite needlessly brutal fashion. He with his hungry dogs and his talk of blood is at once ridiculous and revolting. But otherwise the dramatist's power of using puerile symbols and making them adequately shadow forth high truths, and his power of defying our sense of humour, are at least as great as ever. There is perhaps a more personal note in this latest play of his. In the expressed joy of Rubek, who bamboozles the public into thinking he is making literal portrait busts of men and women, when "at bottom they are all respectable, pompous horse-faces, and self-opinionated donkey-muzzles, and lop-eared, low-browed dog-skulls, and fatted swine-snouts—and sometimes dull, brutal bull-fronts as well"; in the strong contrasts drawn between the life of the man and the poet, he speaks for the general artist, at least, if not for himself. And the poetry and the literature of the piece are more on the surface than in his other recent work. A strange play this, chaotic and unsatisfying. But it gives dreams, and uneasy wakening thoughts, which may not be Ibsen's. We readers are directly addressed and warned.

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PROFESSOR RUBEK.

[*Short, repellently.*] All the world knows nothing! Understands nothing.

MAIA.

Well, at any rate, it can divine something——

PROFESSOR RUBEK.

Something that isn't there at all, yes. Something that never was in my mind. Ah, yes, that they can all go into ecstasies over.

A. M.

NOVEL NOTES

THE SLAVE. By Robert Hichens. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Company. $1.50.

Mr. Hichens has written nothing more distasteful than *The Slave*. Its pages are filled with the most weird occultism and the most depraved Orientalism. The slave is an English woman, a mysterious human icicle. Nothing moves her; nothing interests her. She is wilfully cruel in her coldness and detestable in her abnormal tendencies. If she were met with outside of Mr. Hichens's imagination she would be sent to the first convenient insane asylum and left there. But Mr. Hichens marries her to a broken-down old millionaire, in whose veins there flows some Oriental blood, who makes her his slave through satisfying her one passion—a craving for jewels. Page after page is devoted to analysing the horrible fascination that this man has for her whom he terms his slave. He says of her: "She was born to live in a harem, petted as an animal is petted, adorned with jewels as a Sultan's favourite is adorned. Such a life would have satisfied her nature. Her soul shines like a jewel and is as hard. Human sorrow will never touch her, for she cares for nobody." There are two passages in the book which once read cannot easily be forgotten: one, the deathbed scene of little Alf, the acrobat who sacrifices his life for the "Queen of Diamonds"; the other, the description of the struggle of the thief who secures the uncanny emerald. One turns aside from this chapter of horrors with a genuine shudder, and with a breath of relief when the struggle is over and the animal has again become the woman. There is not even a glimmer of happiness in this most gruesome story. The characters are exaggerated types of the men and women who belong to London's smart set. They are full of eccentricities and absurdities. They do not interest the reader, for they are superficial and unnatural. Even the hero is an unsatisfactory individual, and stupidly in love with one of the most unpleasant heroines that has ever emanated from an author's brain.

THE WHITE DOVE. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

Matthew Lanyon and Sylvester were father and son, the one tender and loving, the other outwardly cold and reserved. It is the story of these two men which gives to *The White Dove* strength and pathos. The son mourns a dead wife whom he has loved with the love eternal, and he is drawn even closer to his father because he has also suffered a similar loss. Just as Sylvester has reconciled himself to the thought of remarriage the horrible truth is revealed to him, through the delirium of a sick friend, that the pure, dead wife had been faithless to him. From that time he is a cynic, a hater of women, a mere human machine. He looks with eyes of horror upon his child, and without a word of explanation turns from the woman he has been about to marry. But the more severe he becomes in his judgment of mankind, the more charitable and divinely pitiful grows the father, who through his whole lifetime is burdened with the weight of a great secret sin. The story tells much about Ella, the woman Sylvester had won and flung aside, and Roderick, who is not wholly bad, although possessing certain qualities which are usually found in the villain. The plot is not entirely original, but it is handled with skill, and the characters, in the main, are distinctly human.

LOVE MADE MANIFEST. By Guy Boothby. Chicago Herbert S. Stone and Company. $1.50.

The hero's name is Claude, and he is the typical hero of sensational fiction. He is an ill-clad, ill-kept boy living in an island in the Samoan group when the author first presents him to the reader. But he runs away from home in the good old-fashioned way, and fifteen years later he is in London a famous playwright and novelist. He is given every chance to prove his right to the title of hero. He saves a girl and her aged father from being run over by a hansom cab, which action is thrillingly impressed upon us in the frontispiece; he saves a strange young man from suicide

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and adopts him; he makes more than one effort to save a woman's good name, and finally he gives up his life to the lepers in the island of Samoa. But in spite of this exaggerated type of the heroic man there are good points in the story. The difference between a man's conscience and a woman's is effectively worked out. The woman sacrifices herself for love, and thinks she is right; the man permits her to make the sacrifice while knowing it is wrong. Then in a half-Pagan, half-Christian fashion he offers up his life as a penance for the sin. So the author is consistent, and satisfies the reader that Claude lives and dies a hero.

THE REDEMPTION OF DAVID CORSON. By Charles Frederic Goss. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. $1.50.

David Corson was a "credulous and unsophisticated youth dwelling in a realm of imagination rather than in a world of reality," a "saint, a mystic, a potential martyr," until beset by temptation. The whole foundation of his religious life then crumbled under his feet. A beautiful, wild and heathen gypsy girl, married to a quack doctor, is the cause of his downfall. It is the story of the prodigal son, and Mr. Goss describes every step in David's degeneration and regeneration. He paints him as would-be murderer, gambler and drunkard. But the further he drags him down the higher he lifts the woman, who grows purer and more spiritual through the love she bears for David. In the first half of the story Mr. Goss is at his best, and his characterisation of the "quack" comes very near to real life. But the story drags toward the end. David's redemption is a slow process, and it is the occasion of more sermonising than properly belongs to fiction. But in spite of a style often too pedantic, and of situations too melodramatic, Mr. Goss has written a story which will appeal strongly to two classes of readers: those who read for the "love interest" and those who read for the element of religion.

SMITH COLLEGE STORIES. By Josephine Dodge. Daskam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

It is plain to be seen that Miss Daskam is a Smith College "girl," and a very enthusiastic one. Life as it is seen in *Smith College Stories* is a very small part of life as it really is. In her preface Miss Daskam says: "If these simple tales serve to deepen in the slightest degree the rapidly growing conviction that the college girl is very much like any other girl the author will consider their existence abundantly justified." Now the college girl is *not* like any other girl, and it is safe to say that a keen observer of human nature can detect the typical college girl anywhere. The girls in this book belong distinctively to Smith, and before we finished the third story we longed for a man as a diversion. However, as photographs of college life these sketches no doubt will prove immensely entertaining and amusing to the many women who remember with a thrill of pleasure their undergraduate days. Miss Daskam knows how to tell a story, and we hope that in time she will do work which shall appeal to a larger reading public.

HEARTS IMPORTUNATE. By Evelyn Dickinson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

Women seem to be having fiction very much to themselves these days, and new names are appearing frequently. In *Hearts Importunate* Miss Dickinson shows considerable strength and power, hampered at times by a peculiarly vague style. She has written around the sex question, and she has done this with taste and discretion. She says:

> Hazell knew, as all men know, that woman has fair cause of complaint against man and against society. He knew that it was required of her to be an exquisite kind of paradox—good and pure, steadfast in her constancy, and yet abundant in a piquant sauce of coquetry and wiles; and should the one part predominate, she is heavy, unattractive; and should the other, she is light, unworthy. To be fascinating—the reason of her being—she must maintain unstable equilibrium. Man, were he asked to do this, would refuse the endless effort.

The heroine is distant and unlovable, detached from her surroundings, and morbidly conscious of a past which is in truth dead. She shuts herself out from the love which comes to her, and which comes from a man who knows without seeking to know, and whose love becomes even stronger for the knowing. It is a struggle in human nature which provides plenty of material for the sex-problem writers, who write of it without arriving at any satisfactory solution of the matter. In this case the woman finally yields to the love of this rather unusual man, who asks nothing of her past, and who, therefore, is content. The scene of the story is laid in a far-away corner of Australia, and there is a good deal of interesting local colour.

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THE BOOK MART

THE DALY SALE.

The most important sale of books at auction the present season—indeed, for several seasons—was the sale of the Daly library at the American Art Galleries the last of March. The sale of the art objects, books and manuscripts occupied ten days of two sessions each day. The library was primarily dramatic in character, but rather as a history of the stage than as a collection of the works of the great dramatists. No attempt had been made at bringing together a series of the early quarto editions of the separate plays of the English dramatists, nor were there even early collected editions of these writers, nor, indeed, generally even modern editions. Shakespeare was an exception. Mr. Daly owned good copies of the four folios, and a number of sets of the author's works in various editions. Of early quartos, there was only one, a copy of the second edition, 1631, of *Love's Labour's Lost.*

On the other hand, the collection of material relating to the English stage, particularly as exemplified in the lives of its great players, was remarkable. The majority of the extra-illustrated books—and these must be considered the characteristic pieces of the collection—were of this character. The prices brought by some of these masterpieces of extra illustration seem stupendous to the uninitiated, but they were generally, probably in every case, much less than their original cost. When scarce prints and autograph letters, worth separately from fifty dollars to several hundred dollars, are inserted lavishly in a work, the total soon runs well into the thousands for a single book. His great copy of Peter Cunningham's *Nell Gwynn,* inlaid from 12mo to folio, and extended to four volumes by the insertion of extra matter, brought $4300. The copy of Ireland's *Records of the New York Stage,* inlaid from 8vo to folio, and extended from two volumes to forty-nine volumes, brought $6125. These were the two items of this character bringing the highest prices, but a number of other pieces of similar character brought upward of one thousand dollars.

Among the extra-illustrated books, not dramatic in character, the most notable was the great Bible, extended to forty-two volumes, large folio. This brought $4265. His famous copy of Spence's *Anecdotes,* in four volumes, brought $3800. Forster's *Life of Dickens,* extended from three to nine volumes, and Dickens's *Letters,* extended from two to eight volumes, brought $2200, and an additional volume, uniformly bound, of autograph letters to and from Dickens, brought $610 more. Brotherhead's *Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence,* with autographs of all of them, including a signature of Thomas Lynch, brought $4650. His copy of Boswell's *Johnson* and *Johnsoniana,* together forming nineteen volumes folio, and containing a wonderful lot of original Johnson manuscript, brought together $2965.

Of early English books besides the Shakespeares already mentioned, there were only a few, the most notable being Milton's *Paradise Lost,* first edition, 1667, the variety with Milton's name in small type on the title-page (the variety with the name in large type is, we believe, generally considered the earlier, and is certainly the rarer), a very fine copy in the original sheep brought $460, and a copy of the first edition of Milton's *Poems,* 1671, also in the original sheep, brought $490. A fine copy of the first edition of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* 1621, brought $160, and a good copy of Spenser's *Faërie Queene,* first three books, 1590, brought $290, and a copy of the second edition, with the first edition of books four to six, all ever published, two volumes, 1596, brought $225.

Of first editions of modern nineteenth-century authors the only collections worthy of mention in this connection were those of Dickens, Lamb, Scott and Thackeray. A start had been made toward sets of a few other authors, such as Tennyson, Longfellow, etc., but they did not generally include any specially rare items. The sets of Dickens and Thackeray were very extensive, including most of the first-class rarities, all of which brought good prices. The second-rate, commoner books of these authors, with few exceptions, brought little more than the cost of the binding. This was largely because the most careful collectors now demand that when first editions are bound they must include all the original covers, advertisements, etc., which the book had when first issued. The series of first editions of Lamb was quite extensive, though not as complete as the Dickens and Thackeray. It did not contain Lamb's first book, *Rosamund Gray,* but did the even rarer *Poetry for Children.* This latter, two little volumes, in very good condition, brought $2220, an astonishing price, even considering the great rarity of the book. Mr. Foote's

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copy, taller than the Daly copy, brought $420 in 1895, which was then generally thought to be an extravagant price. A copy lacking nine leaves, which were supplied from the reprint, was sold at Sotheby's last summer, and brought only £4 4s., and a copy of Vol. II. only, in the original binding, is offered by a London bookseller at £20. It would be hard to find a better example of the difference in value in the market between a perfect and an imperfect copy of a rare book. The series of first editions of Scott included a complete set of the Waverley Novels, all in the original boards uncut. The *Waverley* in this set was the famous copy which brought £150 at auction in London last summer.

A wonderful series of original autograph letters and drawings by Thackeray, including the correspondence with Mrs. Brookfield, with many additions, was the highest priced item in the sale. The material had been inlaid and made up into two folio volumes, handsomely bound by Stikeman. It brought $16,200. There were also remarkable collections of original letters by Dickens and Lamb and some autograph manuscripts of Sir Walter Scott.

The larger items in the sale, with a few exceptions, were generally bought by dealers. The smaller items were, many of them, bought by strangers, and prices paid for current books of small value were often in excess of those which would have been asked by any reputable bookseller. On the whole, the prices realised at the sale must have been very satisfactory to the executors as well as to other collectors of similar literary property.

L. S. L.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1900.

The month's publications, comparing favourably with those of the previous months of the year in point of numbers, contained several titles by well-known authors. *Resurrection,* by L. Tolstoy, had been announced, and was in immediate demand upon publication. The work is receiving much criticism, and is likely to have a considerable sale. *The Autobiography of a Quack,* by S. Weir Mitchell; *Joan of the Sword Hand,* by S. R. Crockett, and *The Judge's Cave,* by Margaret Sidney, are other volumes of fiction issued during the month. The fifth volume of *The History of the People of the United States,* by J. B. McMasters, was the most important book of the month in miscellaneous subjects. Two biographies may also be noted: *Charles Sumner,* by M. Storey, in the American Statesman Series, and *Life of William H. Seward,* by F. Bancroft. South African literature was further added to by the publication of *The Transvaal Outlook,* by A. Stickney, and *War in South Africa,* by J. A. Hobson.

The most interesting feature of the month proved to be the continued demand for *To Have and to Hold,* which far outstripped any other title in point of sale, and bids fair eventually to equal any of the other popular novels of the day. The call for fiction generally is very pronounced, and all of the prominent publications of the past year in this department are still selling readily.

Most of the retail stores are looking forward to a brisk trade in Easter goods. Booklets and other novelties are the principal attractions, and this year's output compares favourably with those of other seasons.

The demand for European Guide Books increases, and some interest is already shown in works pertaining to outdoor subjects. *Nature's Garden,* by Neltje Blanchan, is a new volume of attractive appearance, and will undoubtedly meet with a ready sale. Other titles of previous publication of a similar character which are still in demand include *A Guide to the Wild Flowers,* by Alice Lounsberry; *With Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers,* by Maud Going, and *How to Know the Wild Flowers,* by Mrs. Dana. *Billy Baxter's Letters,* by W. J. Kountz, Jr., is the most recent contribution for the class of readers who appreciate *Mr. Dooley, Chimmie Fadden* and *Fables in Slang,* and is meeting with much popularity.

The lack of a really popular demand for general reading matter outside of fiction is noticeable, and only the constant and increasing library business makes it possible to dispose of fair editions of the average book other than a novel.

That the coming months are for the bookseller not likely to be entirely dull is assured by the announcements of the publishers, which indicate a continuance of publishing activity and also include several books by exceptionally well-known authors, of whom may be mentioned James Lane Allen, Stanley J. Weyman, Ernest Seton-Thompson and John Fiske.

Trade has kept up remarkably well, and only recently have any reports of dulness been heard. Just at present there is activity in text-books preparatory to the opening of new terms after Easter vacations, and library business has been exceptionally good.

The list of most popular books for the month follows:

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.

David Harum. By David Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.

In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Mrs. Burnett. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

Resurrection. By L. Tolstoy. $1.50.

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Wild Animals I Have Known. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. $2.00.
Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.
Fables in Slang. By George Ade. $1.00.
Via Crucis. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
The Black Wolf's Breed. By Harris Dickson. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, April 1, 1900.

March trade, although somewhat irregular, was, upon the whole, fairly good, and certainly not below the average of recent years. The great demand for popular fiction continues to be the leading feature of sales, and probably at no period in the history of bookselling has the relative sale of imaginative literature been greater than it is to-day. Public libraries are calling, as is usual at this time of the year, for a great many books, and no branch of trade shows a healthier and steadier increase than this. Country orders are also demanding a great number of books, recent fiction, however, monopolising most of the call from this direction.

The sale last month of *To Have and to Hold* was far and away beyond that of any other title, and, considered in this relation, the work is at present in a class by itself, despite the continued phenomenal run of such books as *Janice Meredith, Richard Carvel, When Knighthood was in Flower, Red Pottage* and *David Harum.* Of the new books published last month, *Resurrection* was the most successful, selling better, in fact, than its relative position in the list of best selling books might indicate. Other novels which promise to go well are *The Autobiography of a Quack,* by Weir Mitchell; *Joan of the Sword Hand,* by S. R. Crockett, and *Deacon Bradbury,* by Edwin Asa Dix.

The long-deferred Volume V. of *McMaster's United States* came to hand early in the month, and was welcomed accordingly. The sale of books dealing with the war and its causes in South Africa dropped off somewhat last month, although G. W. Steevens's posthumous book, *From Cape Town to Ladysmith,* met with a ready sale.

Quite a lively demand has been apparent this spring for Ernest Seton-Thompson's books, *Wild Animals I Have Known* and *The Trail of the Sandhill Stag.* There is every indication, too, that this author's *Biography of a Grizzly,* to be published this month, will be a very successful book. In the way of minor demand, inquiries for out-of-door books are now of frequent occurrence, and this class of trade is rapidly becoming quite a feature of spring business. The outlook for future business continues to be, upon the whole, bright, although the labour disturbances of last month are not unlikely to have a tendency to depress local trade somewhat. Despite the fact that a declining sale for popular books is naturally to be expected now spring has commenced, such books as *Red Pottage, The Gentleman from Indiana, In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim* and *Red Rock* show a decided increase in their monthly sales. The wonderful popularity of *To Have and to Hold* has naturally revived interest in *Prisoners of Hope,* with the result that this work now takes its place again among the leaders.

The following books led the demand last month:

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.
When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.
The Cardinal's Musketeer. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
Via Crucis. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. $1.50.
The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.
Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. $1.50.
Joan of the Sword Hand. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.
No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.
Wild Animals I Have Known. By E. Seton-Thompson. $2.00.

ENGLISH LETTER.

FEBRUARY 20TH TO MARCH 20TH.

No very marked improvement has taken place during the past month, but corresponding months in previous years show that it is usually somewhat dull at this period. There are, however, many indications that brisker times are at hand; indeed, should the demand in any measure equal the prospective output the spring season will leave little cause for complaint. Military subjects have still been uppermost, and lives of General Roberts, Sir R. Buller, and Mr. Kruger have sold freely. Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* has received quite a fresh impetus, owing no doubt to the absorbing interest taken in the career of that popular general. *From Cape Town to Ladysmith,* by the late G. W. Steevens, and *The Natal Campaign,* by Bennett Burleigh, both volumes being but the firstfruits of many works on the actual experiences of the present war, are to hand. The original edition of Fitzpatrick's *Transvaal from Within* has somewhat slackened, owing to the advent of the cheaper issue, for which large orders have been placed. Immense sales have been effected of *With the Flag to Pretoria,* now appearing in parts, and maps and illustrated periodicals are still eagerly sought after.

Lenten publications have not sold to any great extent, but, owing to the numerous

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books of a nature more or less suitable for this season already upon the market, it is difficult to compare the result with that of previous years. *A Manual of Devotion for Lent,* by Rev. W. J. Knox Little, has probably been the most popular. The 6s. novel pursues the even tenour of its way, and continues to be little affected by the causes which depress the sales of other classes of literature. *Féo, Red Pottage, David Harum,* and *Richard Carvel* have sold well. Among the recent arrivals are *The Plunderers,* by Morley Roberts; *The Rebel,* by H. B. M. Watson; *A Woman of Samaria,* by Rita; *The Resurrection,* by Leo Tolstoy; *Andromeda,* by Robert Buchanan, and *The White Terror,* by Felix Gras. Books on gardening have been much in evidence. Among the most recent are *The Book of Gardening* and *The Century Book of Gardening,* both beautifully illustrated. Sixpenny reprints, or, as they have been ordered, "6s. books for 6d.," have enjoyed a fair amount of popularity. The following is the list of books which have been most in demand during the past month:

The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

Roberts (Lord): Life. By Walter Jerrold. 2s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)

Buller (Sir R.): Life. By Walter Jerrold. 2s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)

Impressions of South Africa. By J. Bryce. 6s. (Macmillan.)

From Sea to Sea. By Rudyard Kipling. 2 vols. 6s. each. (Macmillan.)

Memories and Impressions. By Hon. G. C. Brodrick. 16s. (Nisbet.)

Féo. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Andromeda. By Robert Buchanan. 6s. (Chatto.)

The Book of Gardening. By J. M. Abbott and others. 16s. net. (L. U. Gill.)

How England Saved Europe. By W. H. Fitchett. 4 vols. each 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (E. Arnold.)

Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoi. 6s. net. (Henderson.)

The Waters of Edera. By Ouida. 6s. (Unwin.)

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)

The Plunderers. By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Methuen.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

From Cape Town to Ladysmith. By G. W. Steevens. 3s. 6d. (W. Blackwood.)

A Manual of Devotion for Lent. By Rev. W. J. Knox Little. 6s. (Isbister.)

Jess. By Rider Haggard. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

Folly Corner. By Mrs. Dudeney. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Century Book of Gardening. 18s. net. (Newnes.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between March 1, 1900, to April 1, 1900.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. To Have and To Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Man's Woman. Norris. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Cashel Byron's Profession. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distrib. Co.) 75 cents.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Knights of the Cross. Vol. I. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Dracula. Stoker. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

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4. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Knights of the Cross. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distrib. Co.) 75 cents.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Shaksper, not Shakespeare. Edwards. (Clarke Co.) $2.00.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Kit Kennedy. Crockett. (Harper.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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3. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Briton and Boer. (Harper.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Man's Woman. Norris. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Briton or Boer? Bryce. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (McLeod.) $1.25.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Morang.) $1.25.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Preparation of Ryerson Embury. Carman. (Pub. Syndicate.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Boys and Men. Holbrook. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. Reminiscences of Morris Steinert. Compiled by Jane Marlin. (Putnam.) $2.00.
4. Love of Parson Lord, and Other Stories. Wilkins. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Wild Animals I have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.10.
2. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.10.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.10.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.10.
5. Dracula. Stokes. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.10.
6. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.10.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Billy Baxter Letters. Kountz. (Weldin.) 75 cents.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes.) $3.00.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Man's Woman. Norris. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Vanity Fair (Becky Sharp edition). Thackeray. (Harper.) $2.50.
6 Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distrib. Co.) 75 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
6. Billy Baxter Letters. Koontz. (Duquesne Distrib. Co.) 75 cents.

TOLEDO, O.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. To Have and To Hold. Johnston. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.
2. Cape Town to Ladysmith. Steevens. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Transvaal from Within. Fitzgerald. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (McLeod.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Longmans & Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Captain Dieppe. Hope. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Love of Parson Lord. Wilkins. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Paolo and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane.) $1.25.
4. The Nerve of Foley. Spearman. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Life Beyond Death. Savage. (Putnam.)
6. The Human Boy. Phillpotts. (Harper.) $1.25.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50. The Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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